

The BOOK
of WORDS



The PAGEANT *of*
COLUMBUS

Within a Masque *of*
The I. I. & C.

(FRANCES O. JONES GAITHER)

The Pageant of Columbus

WITHIN
A MASQUE OF I. I. & C.

The Book of Words



WRITTEN FOR THE CLASS OF 1915 BY
FRANCES O. JONES GAITHER



INTERPRETIVE DANCES
WRITTEN BY
EMMA ODY POHL



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The Commencement Play



of the
Class of 1915



Mississippi Industrial
Institute & College

Directed By
Emma Ody Pohl and Frances O. J. Gaither

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PREFACE.

When the members of the class of 1915 came to Miss Pohl seeking inspiration for their commencement play, she at once suggested a historical pageant of Columbus. They looked upon the idea with enthusiasm and did not delay to talk of ways and means. The tempting possibilities of the subject made me agree very readily to their request to write the play, though I realized that the time was far too short to exhaust even those resources nearest at hand. There were no moments to linger, and I had to hurry through the fascinating by-paths of scrap-books and spoken reminiscences as well as the broad highways of history.

It is impossible to name here all of the people who patiently helped to piece together the pictures of other days, enriching the whole with personal anecdote and incident, but I must take this occasion to thank the following: Mrs. J. O. Banks, Columbus; Mrs. J. T. Benoit, Columbus; Judge Jacob M. Dickinson, Chicago; Miss Mary Harrison, Columbus; Col. W. D. Humphries, Columbus; Mrs. E. G. McCabe, Atlanta; Col. C. L. Lincoln, Columbus; Mr. Blewett Lee, Chicago; Col. and Mrs. W. C. Richards, Columbus; General and Mrs. E. T. Sykes, Columbus; Mrs. D. J. Sheffield, Columbus; Miss Bettie Whitfield, Columbus.

Much of the purely local information as to the events of the nineteenth century, was gained from Lipscomb's History of Columbus, and from the archives of the U. D. C. In the latter were found most interesting reminiscences, written by Ann E. Franklin, Georgia P. Young, Regina L. Lee, Callie Harrison Sykes, Cornelia Benoit, Helen R. Garner, Mrs. Samuel M. Meek, Fannie E. Richards, Bettie J. Gowan, and Alicia Campbell.

Numerous histories of the nation, the South, and Mississippi afforded assistance but particularly were Claiborne's Mississippi and Pickett's Alabama helpful. Much Indian material came from the publications of the Mississippi Historical Society: papers by H. S. Halbert, Col. W. A. Love, Peter J. Hamilton, Harry Warren, Franklin L. Riley, J. W. Wade, and Gideon Lincecum. The De Soto expedition afforded interesting source work in the chronicles of its members: The Narrative of the Gentleman of Elvas; Journal of Ranjel, De Soto's private secretary; The Narrative of Biedma, the factor of the expedition, etc. There were found also numerous books and papers based on these same chronicles. Prescott and Washington Irving gave me my Christopher Columbus scene. The old South, the war, and the days of reconstruction afforded shelf after shelf of books and much personal recollection.

Since in a pageant minutes must represent years, the typical is to be desired rather than the actual, and truth in a large sense rather than photographic accuracy of detail. This is the aim of the Pageant of Columbus.

F. O. J. G.

A Masque of I. I. & C

(Comprising Prelude, Interludes and Postlude.)

SCENE—The Valley of Youth on an afternoon in Spring. The valley is surrounded by young trees and green hillsides. In the fore ground are three large trees. One of these grows upon a low rocky hillock whereon are also a water fall and a winding path. Flowers of many colors grow at foot of hillock in the spray of the water. Straight across the front of the valley cutting it off from the audience is a hedge, in which at one time during the prelude a little wicket gate appears.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Folly, a young girl.
Worldliness, her mother.
Indulgence, her father.
Crystal Clear, spirit of ideal girlhood.

Joy	}	Her Sisters, the attributes of girlhood
Hope		
Altruism		
Candor		
Sympathy		
Ardor		
Beauty		

I. I. and C.
A Throng of Girls.
Spirit of History.

Good Government	}	The Fairy Godmothers of the Young Columbus.
Education		
Prosperity		

The Young Columbus.
Mississippi.
A Herald.

PRELUDE.

(Folly, Indulgence, and Worldliness appear among trees at left, Folly talking earnestly.)

Folly—Just a little farther now, Mama. First a little wicket

gate set in a hedge, then one wee, twisting path, and we are back in the street again.

Worldliness—Another twisting path, Folly!

Folly—Just one more. (Stopping suddenly as she emerges into the open valley.) Why there's the hedge, but where's the wicket gate?

Worldliness—I knew it. We are lost.

Indulgence—Oh, no, my dear, not lost in the Park.

Worldliness—(Snappishly.) Then find the gate.

Indulgence—Well, after all this is a very pretty spot, a very pretty spot. With a merry-go-round here and a small tasteful lunch counter there to liven things up, it would be rather charming on the whole—eh, Folly?

Worldliness—Indulgence, please give your attention to getting us out of this place, or I shall be late at Mrs. Nullos' Bridge.

Indulgence—Well, well, she's a very pleasant woman, a very amiable woman. I am sure she—

Worldliness—Amiable! She's a perfect cat. Do find the gate.

Indulgence—(Stepping up to tree and tapping with his cane.) Police! Police!

Folly—I don't see where we can be. I know every inch of the Park.

Worldliness—I said all along we should not follow Folly.

Indulgence—(Meditatively.) This valley has a sort of familiar look to me. Worldliness, did we not once—

Worldliness—I never saw such a forsaken spot in all my life. Do try to get a policeman. Just suppose Mrs. Nullos has to play my hand—she is a most atrocious player.

Folly—Look at that cunning water fall. Papa, didn't you once let me dabble my feet in that very little basin when I was a tiny little girl? I believe I'll do it again. (She hurries toward water fall.)

Worldliness—Folly, how can you? Suppose some one were to pass?

Indulgence—(Following Folly.) Why upon my soul! The child is right. I remember it all. I made you promise not to tell your mother, eh, Folly? And what a time I did have getting on your little socks and shoes. Upon my soul, how could we forget it?

Worldliness—Listen to me, Folly, I am sure I let you have your way about everything in reason, but I will not hear to your disgracing the family by wading in a public park.

Indulgence—Now, Mother, she's only a child. Let her do as she pleases.

Worldliness—She's a grown young lady and engaged to be mar-

ried. Besides, we must get away from here at once. Now, Folly—

Folly—All right, all right, Mama. I shan't dampen the family dignity. But you go ahead and see if you can't arouse a policeman while I stay and pick these flowers for old sake's sake.

Worldliness—Nonsense.

Indulgence—Come along, Mother. Let the child gather a few posies.

(They go off right, Worldliness still expostulating. Folly gathers flowers, humming a popular dance tune. A maiden in white draperies comes softly around hillock, and watches her.)

Crystal Clear—(Curiously.) Why do you do that?

Folly—Pick the flowers, you mean? (Crystal Clear nods.) Why because they are so pretty.

Crystal Clear—Oh, I didn't know you thought them pretty.

Folly—Why not?

Crystal Clear—You are breaking their stems, you see; so I thought you didn't like them at all.

Folly—(Laughing)—What a funny girl you are. Where do you live?

Crystal Clear—Here.

Folly—In the Park?

Crystal Clear—Oh, no, it isn't a park. This is the Valley of Youth. Don't you want to stay with us?

Folly—I don't know. I should think one would be very lonely.

Crystal Clear—We never get lonely. We learn beautiful things—and we sing—and dance—

Folly—(Showing real enthusiasm.) Dance! Don't you love it? Do you know the newest one? Are there many boys about here? Where do you dance?

Crystal Clear—(Laughing.) Yes, I do love it. Every day my sisters and I play games and dance here on the grass.

Folly—(Contemptuously)—With your sisters! On the grass. How can you?

Crystal Clear—I will show you. (She runs half way up the path on the hillock and gives a clear yodel. Her seven sisters come eagerly to her call, carrying bright colored balls. They are dressed in soft draperies of varied colors. Joy wears green; Hope, shell pink; Altruism, lavender; Candor, faint blue; Sympathy, yellow; Ardor, cerulean blue; Beauty, rose ping.) Joy, Beauty, all of you, here is a girl from the outside and she doesn't believe we can dance on the grass. (They all laugh and toss their balls about as they come.)

Joy—Let's show her, Crystal Clear.

Crystal Clear—These are my sisters, Joy, Hope, Altruism, Candor, Sympathy, Ardor, Beauty. And I am Crystal Clear.

Folly—I am very glad to meet you. My name is Folly.

Ardor—What shall we dance?

Crystal Clear—The dance of Nausicaa and her Maidens.

Folly—Where ever did you learn such a dance?

Crystal Clear—It was taught us by a kind and lovely woman, who who comes to the valley to teach us one beautiful thing every day.

Folly—Well, all the new dances have queer names. This one must be a pippin.

Candor—This one isn't a new dance. It's centuries old, isn't it Crystal Clear?

(They take their places and dance, Folly looking on a trifle superciliously at first, but more and more interestedly as the dance goes on. I. I. and C., a tall woman clad in flowing white and gold, wearing a shining star on her forehead and carrying an amphora on her shoulder, enters. She stands watching them.)

Joy—There she is! Oh, Alma Mater! (They all run toward her joyfully.)

Crystal Clear—(Waiting for Folly.) That is I. I. and C., our Alma Mater. It was she that taught us the dance.

Folly—Do you suppose she'd teach me too?

Crystal Clear—Alma Mater, Alma Mater, here's a girl from the outside. Will you teach her, too?

I. I. and C.—If she wishes it, Crystal Clear, it will be a great happiness to me.

(The Maidens surround I. I. and C. Worldliness and Indulgence return.)

Worldliness—Goodness gracious! Look there Indulgence. Who are those odd creatures talking to Folly?

Indulgence—Why, they are nice-seeming girls, my dear, very nice-seeming girls.

Worldliness—There's a woman, too. She looks like one of those learned freaks who might put all sorts of notions into Folly's head, Folly! Hurry on.

Folly—Why, there's the gate!

(She points to gate which has just become visible in the hedge, toward the audience.)

Crystal Clear—Won't you let her stay with us here in the Valley of Youth

(Maidens surround Indulgence, coaxingly.)

Joy—Please, let her stay.

Ardor—Don't make her leave us.

Indulgence—Certainly, my dears. Yes, yes. It is a beautiful place, and I shall be glad for my little girl to have such

charming companions. Worldliness, my dear, let us go on and leave the young folk to their pleasures.

Worldliness—Folly, do you realize what this means? If you stay, you miss the ball young Mr. Wealth is giving.

Folly—I forgot the ball. Mama is right, I have to go.

All—No, No.

Folly—Come, Mama. (They hurry away, ignoring the pleas of the maidens. At the gate, Indulgence looks back.)

Indulgence—Good-bye, my dears.

(When they have passed, the gate again is hidden. Crystal Clear turns her head to hide the tears.)

I. I. and C.—Come, Crystal Clear, do not grieve for Folly. She would not have been happy here. Our simple pleasures would soon have become stale for her, and then she might have made even you discontented. (She puts her arm about Crystal Clear, drawing her toward the hillock. The Maidens are already ascending the pathway.)

Crystal Clear—But, Alma Mater, I wanted her to stay and learn one beautiful thing from you.

I. I. and C.—(Turning, looks down into Crystal Clear's earnest face). Never mind Crystal Clear, there are hundreds of girls who wish to learn beautiful things.

Crystal Clear—Are there, truly? Why don't they come to you then?

I. I. and C.—Perhaps they are waiting for you to call them.

(They are ascending the path, now, and Crystal Clear pauses.)

Crystal Clear—Oh, do you think so?

I. I. and C.—Try it.

Crystal Clear—(Standing half way up path, calls as before and then stands listening intently. All listen, but Crystal Clear first hears the far off sound.) I hear the sound of young feet—and girls' voices!

(From every quarter there gathers the sound of feet and voices hurrying toward the valley. Crystal Clear and her companions are overjoyed as the Valley fills with hundreds of girls in white.)

Girl—Did you call, Crystal Clear?

Crystal Clear—Yes, I called you. Will you bide a little while with us in the leafy coolness and learn of our Alma Mater. It is always Springtime here and the young growing things pulse ever with a message she will teach you to understand. We will wander through trees and learn all the wonder stories of the earth, how the cackling of geese saved Rome, how the lifting of a kettle lid loosed rushing trains and swift flying ships. We will learn to fashion fair raiment

and make sweet music. Alma Mater will teach us, too, to drive out sickness and so to dance and play that we shall be erect and very strong. (Her voice falters.) It's —— it's far nicer than going to balls. Say you will stay.

I. I. and C.—(Checking the murmur of assent.) Wait. Do not answer yet. Understand more fully. If all these gifts are freely yours, will you in turn give them to others?

The Throng of Girls—(Singing.)

“FOUNTAIN OF WISDOM.”

(Music—The Soldier's Chorus, from Faust.)

Fountain of Wisdom and truth and light!
Guardian of honor and faith and right!
We pledge support and allegiance true
Our hearts and our hands, our hearts and our hands.
Our College, to you!
Who can question the pride
That our bosom stirs?
Where are others beside
With a fame like hers?
We have nothing to fear, nor can doubt assail
Our president great, the best in the state
Will not let us fail.

Fountain of wisdom and truth and light!
Guardian of honor and faith and right!
We pledge support and allegiance true,
Our hearts and our hands, our hearts and our hands,
Our College, to you!
Double I and C,
We love and serve and ever honor thy dear name!
I. I. and C.. Oh, grant that we
May always live as daughters worthy of thy fame!
Double I and C,
Within thy walls we eager strive in learnings quest!
I. I. and C., we ever love thee,
We ever love thee, and know that they dost always stand for
what is best!
We ever love thee, and know that thou dost always stand for
what is best!
Dost always stand for what is best!
I. I. and C.! I. I. and C.! I. I. and C.!

Fountain of wisdom and truth and light!
Guardian of honor and faith and right!
We pledge support and allegiance true,
Our hearts and our hands, our hearts and our hands,
Our College, to you!
Our hearts and our hands, our hearts and our hands,
Our College, to you!

—Anna W. Avon.

(During the chorus they seat themselves, facing the hillock, on the ground at the foot of the hedge.)

Hope—You promised us a story today, Alma Mater.

I. I. and C.—I have not forgotten, Hope. I shall tell you the story of Columbus, fairest city of flowers, how she first came into being and then grew and grew to lovely womanhood. And all of you who dwell throughout Mississippi, listening, shall hear the story of your own loved town; for all have passed, even as Columbus, through days when men lived in wigwams, then in log huts, then in great mansions, then in tents of war and last in sturdy walls rebuilt by unconquered hope. The story of Columbus, is the story of the South. Shall I tell it?

Crystal Clear—That will be the best story of them all.

I. I. and C.—True history is not a bare catalogue of events but a parable rich in meaning. (Enter the Spirit of History, who gives an interpretive dance. "The Parable of Life." Where shall I begin?

Joy—Begin with the Indians.

Crystal Clear—No, before there were even any Indians.

(They settle themselves cozily and I. I. and C. begins.)

I. I. and C.—In the long, long ago, there was no sound throughout all this land but the wind in the tops of the pine trees and the scampering feet of wild creatures through the tall grass. Unafraid the deer drank from the Luxapalila and bounded at will through the silver scyambres. Each evening soft-footed spirits of the forest crept out of their tree homes to dance in the twilight.

The Pageant of Columbus

PART I.

Scene I. In Ancient Days.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Spirits of the Forest.

Chahta.

The Prophet.

Long Arrow.

Running Deer.

The Tribe of Chahta.

PART I.

Scene I.

(To the faint sound of music, from behind the trees come the Spirits of the Forest, each in drapery of many shades of green. They dance. Chahta and the pole-bearing Prophet enter and the Spirits of the Forest fly in alarm to their hiding-places.)

Chahta—Again we come, wise Prophet, faithful Isht Ahullo, to nightfall, sleeptime, and the planting of the sacred pole.

Prophet—May the Great Spirit again hide our sleeping from fierce enemies and with the coming of another sun again point the pole toward the far-sought Land of Life. (Plants pole in center of valley. They lie down to sleep. The Spirits of the Forest slip back, dance about the pole and vanish. The Prophet wakes, looks at the pole incredulously, springs up, creeps to it, his eyes bulging.)

Prophet—Chahta! Chahta! Mighty Chieftain, wake! Behold the sacred pole, finger of the Great Spirit. When the first sunlight touched it, it trembled for joy and now it stands erect

Chahta—(Leaping to his feet, stands wonder-struck.)—Come, all the tribe of Chahta, hither! Even you aged ones, who linger always behind with heavy feet, hasten. Well may you spend your strength in hurrying now, for the long journey is ended. (As he speaks, there speedily gather many Indians, old and young, all carrying burdens: some tools; some, bows and arrows; and some great bags of bones. (They encircle the pole, gazing at it with much wonder.)

Prophet—(Chanting)—Behold the sacred pole, O, my brothers.

It points to the Father Above.

People—(Chanting)—Behold the sacred pole.

Prophet—When the sun first made my eyes to open I saw a wonderful thing, the work of the Great Spirit. The magic pole leaped into air, dancing for joy. (He leaps into the air and dances), and each time it touched the earth it stamped and stamped itself deeper. Then it stood erect as a young pine telling us our long journey is ended.

People—Our long journey is ended.

Chahta—Running Deer, swiftest messenger, speed after the tribe of Chicksa. Tell my brother to return with all his people, for the Great Spirit has brought us to the Land of Rest. And let another seek out the scouts that we may know what manner of land is this fair-appearing country, our home forever more.

(The messengers go off.)

Prophet—Assuredly are we a fortunate people. Many a sunrise have we risen from sleep and followed the bending pole even when it pointed us back over the paths just traveled. Many winters have dropped their snows over us since we left our ancient home in the far West. Burdened with the bones of our ancestors, we have toiled over the pathless wilderness, beset with sun-scorched plains and dried-up rivers of bitter waters, over mighty, roaring torrents; and over dark lowlands ominous with bellow of ferocious beasts. Bravely have we battled and triumphed over all, and now are we at rest. Here shall our children's children wax gray, and their children's children become mighty hunters. The Great Spirit gives us this land forever more.

(Enter Scouts led by Long Arrow.)

Long Arrow—Mighty Chief, Chahta the Brave, we hurried ahead to spy out the land as you directed, and come now to tell you it is a wide-spreading country, a quiet land of plenty. There are no evil enemies lurking with hungry tomahawks behind the bushes; but instead are the forests filled with birds and plump deer and the little rivers are gleaming with fish. It is a land of tall trees and running waters.

Chahta—Then truly is this the far-sought country, the Land of Life, which my father of old saw in his vision; and our long journey is indeed at an end. Let us at once possess this land of plenty, Go, you hunters, bring venison and many birds, for there is much hunger-producing work to be done by all. (Hunters go off.) Is there corn in the camp? (An

old woman brings two battered ears.) Only this? All ate who had teeth to eat and only the toothless remembered the time of planting. But trouble not. In this ripe land the golden sun, lord of life, will bless our labors, and countless sweet ears shall spring from these withered ones. Go, all you carriers of tools, till the mellow earth that the Dance of the Green Corn may be not far distant. (Carriers of tools go off, one of them taking the corn.) And you, carriers of burdens, bearers of ancestral relics, hear my word. From the far-off country of the setting sun have you patiently borne the sacks of your fathers' bones. Well it is that you have done this though grievously oppressed. Now we have come to rest, let also the bones of our fathers rest. Go, make a great pile of the revered treasures, and carry much earth in baskets on your heads to cover over the bare skeletons until there stands a mighty mound, a glory to our people. (The burden carriers go off.) And you, faithful Isht Ahullo, taks up once more your sacred load. (Prophet lifts pole.) When we wavered in the trackless desert, it leaned and led us onward in paths of safety. As a leading light to our feet it has brought us to this Land of Life. Go, plant it firmly on our great mound, a worshipped reminder of our long pilgrimage.

(Prophet goes off. Running Deer enters.)

Running Deer—Great Chief, I failed.

Chahta—You did not overtake my brother's people?

Running Deer—A mighty rain had washed their footprints from the grass.

Chahta—(Sadly)—Then Chicksa ever more must wander though we were once brothers at one burning fire. (He sighs.) But it is the will of the Great Spirit. Come, Running Deer, let us join the workers.

INTERLUDE.

Crystal Clear—Did his brother Chicksa wander forever more, Alma Mater?

I. I. and C.—No, the Great Spirit brought the people of Chicksa to rest not far to the north of Chahta, and after many generations, the hunters of the tribes, meeting, told each other the dim legend of those far-off days when they were "brothers of one burning fire."

Crystal Clear—Then they became friends?

I. I. and C.—(Smiling)—Oktibbeha, the stream that marks the

boundary between their nations, is the Indian word for
"Bloody Waters."

All—(With sharp intake of breath)—Oh—!

Crystal Clear—Go on, Alma Mater.

I. I. and C.—For centuries perhaps, the claim of the Indian to his forests was in no danger of being disputed. Then a wonderful thing happened.

PART I.

Scene 2. Before Grenada.

(April 1492.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Two Ladies of the Court.

A Page.

Isabella, the Queen.

Juan Perez, prior of the convent of La Rabida.

Ferdinand, the King.

Christopher Columbus.

Louis de St. Angel.

Lords and Ladies.

Pages.

Priests.

PART I.

Scene 2.

(The encampment of Ferdinand and Isabella before Grenada. Beating of drums and shouts of joy heard in the distance. "Long live Isabella! Long live Ferdinand. Long live their Christian majesties. (Enter two ladies of the court.)

First Lady—I did not know there were in all Spain so many voices as now shout in jubilee before Grenada.

Second Lady—What a triumph for our king and beloved queen.
(Enter Page.)

Page—I cannot find the queen. She is not in the royal pavilions.
I bear an urgent message.

First Lady—You may see her in the midst of her rejoicing court and army, but speech with her is impossible.

Page—Oh, no. I have only to whisper, "A holy father seeks the

Queen," and through the roar of millions she'd hear me.

Second Lady—(Smiling indulgently)—I believe she would.

Page—And if to that I add, "This friar has come travel-stained and riding on a weary mule," she'd speedily cause the hosts to part that she might succor man and mule. (Shouts as before, but louder.) I must find her. (Goes off, toward the shouting.)

First Lady—There is never a moment in the queen's day free from importuning followers. All the nation pours its woes into the sympathetic ear of Isabella.

Second Lady—All Europe, you may as well say. How tired I grew of seeing that Italian sailor about the court at Seville and even following the camp in every expedition.

First Lady—An Italian sailor? Was he a tall, tragic-appearing man?

Second Lady—That is the man I mean. Christopher Columbus. For three years he clung to the courts, seeking patronage in some wild venture conceived in a sick brain.

First Lady—He had not the look of an insane man. On the contrary, he seemed to me a man of deep, calm thought.

Second Lady—You may be sure he was only a wild visionary or we should have him still with us.

First Lady—Then he has been turned away? (Page enters running.)

Page—(Triumphantly)—Just as I predicted, she's left them, king and all, and comes now to meet the friar and his mule. (Ladies hurry to meet queen who enters preceded by other ladies in waiting. Ladies drop to their knees as the queen passes. From the opposite direction rides Juan Perez upon his mule. When the friar sees the queen, he dismounts, gives bridle to page, and comes forward.)

Isabella—Father! Is it indeed you, my father confessor of other days? Have you journeyed all the way from La Rabida alone?

Juan Perez—It is indeed I, my child, come all the way from La Rabida to talk with you.

Isabella—You must be worn with much travel.

Juan Perez—The long ride has been refreshed throughout with news of your successes. I have journeyed through the conquered countries of the Moors and have seen the Holy Cross

shining where for eight hundred years has glittered the Oriental crescent.

Isabella—Ah! I wish that you could have been here this morning to see Boabdil the Moor, surrender to us the keys of Alhambra.

Juan Perez—God be praised. The last Moslem stronghold has fallen. May He bless you and Ferdinand, his most Catholic Majesty.

Isabella—Nay. He has already blessed us in making us His instruments. If we have spread His kingdom, we have our reward.

Juan Perez—It has been a weary campaign?

Isabella—We do not think of that now. The weariness and strife are ended. But what has brought you on this long journey? Was it to see the final triumph of this holy war?

Juan Perez—No, I came to you, as hundreds daily come, a suppliant.

Isabella—You, Father, a suppliant to me?

Juan Perez—Yes, my child, a most confident suppliant.

Isabella—(Smiling)—Your confidence is not ill-placed, your every wish is mine. Tell me.

Juan Perez—A fortnight ago, a stranger on foot, in humble guise, but of a distinguished air stopped at the gate of the convent and asked a bit of bread and water. Struck by his appearance, I entered into conversation with him, and soon learned his story. He possesses the knowledge and daring to do for all the world what your illustrious Majesties have done for Spain: to bring all the nations and tongues of the earth under the Holy Cross.

Isabella—(Breathlessly)—Who is this man?

Juan Perez—Christopher Columbus.

Isabella—(Disappointed)—The Genoese sailor?

Juan Perez—I could not reconcile with your magnanimous character your failure to help this man, until I realized that you turned him from you in the throes of war.

Isabella—We did not send him away, but told him we could not consider his plans, until the war was ended.

Juan Perez—(Reproachfully)—Which was a starved reply to receive after three years of waiting. .

Isabella—Ah, I was sorry for him, and most interested in his vis-

ions, but there was always the war to think of first and besides—

Juan Perez—Your husband, the king, did he object?

Isabella—(Hesitating)—He did not believe—the scheme—practical. The Archbishop and all the clergy talked of sacrilege. And the learned Junto called Columbus a deluded visionary. I alone believed.

Juan Perez—There is no sacrilege, my child, in seeking to know the world God gave us, and as to visions—by visions were the saints of old guided.

Isabella—I wish we had not let him go

Juan Perez—I knew you would wish that; so I brought him back again, to claim your promise to hear him in a time of peace.

Isabella—Send him to me, Father. And let some one find the king. It is a boisterous time for conference, but never mind that. The Genoese has waited over long already.

(Juan Perez and messenger go off.)

(Enter Ferdinand under canopy. Pages carrying rug precede him. Lords enter. Isabella joins him on his rug beneath the canopy. Lords and Ladies arrange themselves on both sides of king and queen. Enter Columbus, who kneels to their Majesties.)

Isabella—(To Ferdinand)—My lord, the war is today ended. This is the time we promised to consider the project of this Christopher Columbus.

Ferdinand—As you wish, though we can scarcely give him encouragement. The war indeed is ended, but the treasures of Castile and Aragon have not refilled. Could he but wait a year or two, we should be better able to indulge him.

Columbus—I cannot wait another hour, your Majesty. I have spent already the prime of my life in the anterooms of kings. Three years have I waited for Spain. If she does not now put forth her hand to grasp the wealth of worlds, the opportunity will pass from her.

Ferdinand—The wealth of worlds! Your dream carries you far, fellow.

Columbus—It is beyond the power of human dreams to picture the boundless realms I offer you. Across the weltering expanse of oceans, lie unlimited stores of gold, precious stones, and rare spices. While John of Portugal sends expedition after expedition to find a new and devious route to the opulent commerce of India, I can make for you an easy road by sailing straight ahead. Then will the treasures of the East

pour in a golden tide into Spain. And Ferdinand and Isabella shall gain the empire of the earth.

Ferdinand—But is this practical? How are you fitted to do this thing?

Columbus—I am a sailor, sire, and a maker of maps and charts. My whole life has been shaped to this one end.

Ferdinand—Perhaps it is not impossible. There are strange discoveries in science every day.

Columbus—The commerce of the Orient shall be yours. Deep, undiscovered forests shall yield you rare timbers. Heathen kings in golden palaces shall call you over-lord.

Isabella—Then it is in search of visionary wealth that you would sail forth over the waste of waters?

Columbus—The wealth is for Spain. I go to discover the dark places of earth that they may be lighted.

Isabella—(Leaning forward)—Tell me.

Columbus—God has chosen me to venture into the unknown, that the cross may light the world.

Isabella—If you do not go, God's purpose will be unfulfilled, and the darkness will prevail?

Columbus—I will go. His purpose cannot be unfulfilled. And I had thought to have the help of your most Christian Majesties in carrying out His mission. To add a whole world to His church.

Isabella—We will do it. Is it not so, my lord?

Ferdinand—(Musing)—Portugal has ventured, why not Spain? You are sure of reaching India?

Columbus—I am sure of reaching land, I believe it may be India.

Ferdinand—But suppose this land that you discover is only valueless desert?

Isabella—The souls of the heathen, my lord, that will be better than richest treasure.

Ferdinand—But India or not, there will no doubt be gold and precious stones?

Columbus—I offer you a world.

Ferdinand—Let us give this fellow his ships.

Columbus—(Overcome)—God will bless your majesties.

Isabella—And He will bless you, Christopher Columbus, for being firm of purpose and courageous of heart.

Ferdinand—Let our royal secretary make out the articles at once. (A gentleman in attendance comes forward with writing material.) What wage do you ask, Columbus?

Columbus—Wage? What wage?

Ferdinand—Yes, what recompense do you ask for your services? It is a dangerous venture and we shall be willing to pay you handsomely.

Columbus—(Proudly)—Your majesty would hire me as a common sailor?

Ferdinand—How else?

Columbus—I am here to treat of empires, and you talk to me of wages. I discover a new world for you, and you discharge the obligation with a single purse of gold.

Ferdinand—(Bewildered)—What did you expect?

Columbus—I expect to be admiral and governor-general of the lands which I discover.

Ferdinand—Impossible!

Isabella—Why?

Ferdinand—He is not even of gentle birth.

Columbus—Then, may it please your majesties, I decline your proffered ships. (He goes off.)

Ferdinand—The fellow is mad.

Isabella—Is there no way to adjust matters?

Ferdinand—Not with such as he.

(He goes off in opposite direction.)

Isabella—(Sadly)—I had set my heart and hopes on this Columbus.

Louis de St. Angel—I crave permission to speak, your majesty.

Isabella—Proceed, St. Angel. It will not be the first advice I have received from those sane lips.

St. Angel—Most gracious queen, do not be misled as to this man. The glory of his project already lifts him to a plane above us petty noblemen. What then shall we expect of him when his great dream is realized? Then may kings and princes be honored by knowing him and the palaces of nations be illumined by his presence. Then may your majesty seek to find some title worthy of his greatness. It is not for the court of Spain to haggle terms with the discoverer of a world. Rather should we rejoice that this man of all the ages offers us a share in his vast venture. He holds out to you the opportunity to be known forever more as the patron saint of boundless hidden realms. And of all your glorious undertakings that is the one upon which shall rest Isabella's surest fame.

Isabella—But what if he fails?

St. Angel—It is not in failure that disgrace lies, but in striving not. It is not the unachieved which dims our glory, but the unattempted. More splendid far is he who labors, though fruitlessly, for ships to brave the unknown in search of empires than he who safely plies the charted seas on little missions.

Isabella—You speak with true nobility, St. Angel, and shame my timorous heart. But I hesitate to undertake a plan on which

the noble Ferdinand looks with unconvinced coldness.

St. Angel—He will approve in time.

Isabella—How can I draw on an exhausted treasury for a measure to which he is averse? (She ponders deeply, St. Angel watching with trembling anxiety. Then, her voice ringing.) The king may answer for Aragon, I speak for Castile—I will pledge my jewels and Columbus shall have his ships.

St. Angel—Illustrious Isabella!

Isabella—Send a courier to overtake Columbus. And, St. Angel, dispatch an order to Seville for all articles requisite for the voyage. Let a fleet be got in order at once. (St. Angel goes off.) Leave me, noble lords and ladies. I would be alone. (All go off. Isabella gazes before her in absorption.) What a vision! What a vision! I see a great heathen continent coming to glorify God. I see wild forests felled to build Him holy churches. I see chattering hordes of savages replaced by throngs singing Hallelujahs. I see hideous idols overturned and the shining cross upraised. And some will remember that Isabella helped Columbus, the true instrument. He shall be honored through all time as discoverer of dark places, bringer of light. And when fair cities spring up in the wilderness, a grateful posterity shall name some of them for him—Columbus. (Goes off.)

INTERLUDE.

I. I. and C.—When the ships that bore Columbus had returned again to Spain a mighty force was set in motion, which gathered momentum even after Isabella died, and Columbus and Ferdinand. A new world now beckoned the adventurous.

PART I.

Scene 3.

(November 1540.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Daughter of the Chief.

Two Other Indian Girls.

Chief.

Runner.

Hernando de Soto.

Anasco.

Baltasar de Gallegos.

Luis de Mocosco.

Spanish Nobles of De Soto's Expedition.

Knights on horseback, foot-soldiers, and priests.

Indian Warriors.

PART I.

Scene 3.

(The daughter of the chief and two other Indian girls play among the trees. Shortly becoming tired, they drop, out of breath and laughing, upon the grass.)

Daughter of Chief—Let us rest and tell a story

First Girl—Tell us again our well-loved story, the tale of ancient Nanih Waiya and how her children crept out to dry in the sun.

Second Girl—Or the brave deeds of the famous Running Deer, now long dead.

Daughter of Chief—This is talk worn with much telling. It has lost flavour even as the corn of last summer grows dry and tasteless through the long winter. Hear instead of newer things, stranger than dreams in moonlight.

Both—What things?

Daughter of Chief—Last night when all the warriors sat about the council fire, I came near to them, bringing the pipe of my father, noble chieftain. The fire, red as winter sunset over the river, burned before their eyes so they could not see me coming among the tree-shadows. Then, so strange a thing did the chief, my father, tell them that I stood still and listened. From far away across the Big Waters in canoes as large as temples has come a mighty white chief, Son of the Sun, master of life. With him are pale-faced warriors bearing flaming swords and riding upon devouring monsters. Wherever they pass, the warriors and chieftains must bow down and worship them, and make great sacrifices to them, or nothing in all the land can flourish, the corn in the spreading fields will shrivel and the people will sicken and die like fruit that the frost has blighted. The Son of the Sun is braver than fifty Indian chiefs, the bravest of all tribes. He and his warriors, wondrous pale-faces, are wrapped about like the sun himself in shining rainment which no arrow can pierce.

First Girl—Is this true talk?

Daughter of Chief—The hunters brought the story. From the Southern tribes they learned it, in the land of the mighty Tuscaloosa. They in turn heard it from some far Eastern people.

(An Indian runner crosses behind them from right to left.)

First Girl—Hush look!

(Runner returns, followed by chief and four warriors, who advance to center of valley and squat in a circle on the ground. The runner remains standing. The girls rise softly and steal be-

hind the trees, where they stand listening intently.)

Chief—What news from our kinsmen, the tribe of Maubilians?
May the sun shine upon them and make their fields green
with waving corn.

Runner—Alas, great chief, the sun has hidden his face and all the
earth is in sadness.

Chief—Is there famine or sickness abroad in the country?

Runner—The Great Spirit has sent a fiercer grief than these.
Tuscaloosa and many thousand warriors lie dead on their
beautiful plains.

Warriors—Alas! Alas!

Runner—And the South wind blows through the blood-stained
ashes of Maubila.

Warriors—Alas! Alas!

Chief—How could these things be? How could the unconquer-
able be conquered Has the long-dreaded Son of the Sun
come among us?

Runner—It is he. The white chief and his warriors came from
the land of the Sun, and made Tuscaloosa, the ever-free, a
captive. Made him ride at their heels in ignoble bondage, al-
though he had given them much tribute and kindest hospi-
tality. Cruelty and insult they offered his warriors, proud
Maubilian braves. These things they did while talking peace
and giving gifts. And so the warriors gathered to meet them
at Maubila. There was waged a mighty battle. The sun was
up when the first arrow flew, but the moon instead saw the
last Maubilian trampled down in the embers and the women
put in chains. No warrior fled from death, but each in his
nakedness stood against the sun-clad ones, waiting to be cut
in pieces and over-ridden by the stamping feet of the fierce
beasts. Even the boys and many women flung themselves in
the flames rather than flee or be taken. Of the captured
women one escaped to warn the Northern tribes that he
comes, the mighty destroyer, Son of the Sun! (Warriors
spring to their feet.)

A Warrior—I pant to lap his blood, Chief, or die like the brave
Tuscaloosa. (Runner goes off right.)

Chief—Ah, no, impulsive brave, it is sin to lift the tomahawk
against the heaven sent. Let us instead smoke the peace
pipe with the pale faces, and hear their message from the
Great Spirit. For many moons I have heard of this De Soto.
It is said that the Great Spirit curses them who oppose him.

The Warrior—But if he comes upon the warpath, shall we not
fight him?

Chief—Make no talk of these things. We give him peace if he
will take it. (Runner returns in great haste.)

Runner—Great Chief, De Soto has crossed the creek. Look, where he comes.

(Enter Hernando De Soto and knights in armor on horseback, followed by soldiers, priests, and Indians in chains and heavily burdened. From other side enter Indian warriors who group themselves about the chief. Girls are hidden from De Soto by this group. As the talk goes forward, some of the soldiers sit upon the ground and gamble with rude cards.)

De Soto—I am the child of the Great Spirit. Noble chief, I come in search of riches. Give me gold and precious gems and no harm shall come to you, but hide these treasures from me and your nation shall perish.

Chief—Gold and gems?

(At a sign from De Soto, a knight shows him a gold cup and a string of pearls, while all the Indians gather curiously about, looking eagerly at the trinkets. The chief shakes his head.)

Chief—There is nothing like this in my country; but I have heard my father, now dead for many winters, tell of a land where men dig in the earth for a substance that is yellower than copper and softer.

De Soto—(Eagerly)—Yes, yes, that is gold. Where is this land?

Chief—(Waving his arm to the West)—Far away toward the setting sun, where our ancestors lived in the ancient days.

De Soto—Then you can give me guides, who will lead me to this country?

Chief—Many generations have passed away since the far-distant time when we traveled that way. How can we guide you?

De Soto—You refuse then?

Chief—Your servants, O chief of palefaces, cannot refuse to hear your voice of command.

De Soto—Then give me guides and interpreters..

Chief—They shall be yours, and if they know not the long journey to far-sought lands, at least they can show you paths of easy-going through our own forests.

De Soto—We will go west but also north, for we must press inland. Send for the guides quickly. And I must have many things for my soldiers who follow behind to replace their losses by fire and battle. They are in need of much clothing and food. Have your people bring skins and mantles to the number of six hundred.

Chief—(Motioning warrior to him)—Let guides bring interpreters come, and let others bring much raiment as the white chief demands. The pale faces must not suffer even though the Indians go naked through the winter.

De Soto—And food, chief, have them bring food! My army,

- though much reduced still numbers six hundred. Bring corn for men and horses enough to last a month or more.
- Chief**—(Aside)—May the Great Spirit grant we do not suffer famine for this!
- De Soto**—Bring deer and possums, those juicy little dogs that do not bark. Bring grapes and bags of walnuts—all things to support life.
- Chief**—Go at once. Obey the white chief. (Warrior goes off.)
- De Soto**—(Calling after him)—And fish—I am very fond of fish.
- Chief**—Of all that we have, you shall partake. But command the sun to prosper our fields and fill again our empty store-huts.
- De Soto**—(Carelessly)—Oh, you will not starve. Trust an Indian to find food! (Turning, he spies the soldiers gambling.) What have we here? I thought that all the cards had been lost in the flames of Maubila.
- Anasco**—They have painted bits of parchment.
- De Soto**—Why, this is an ingenuity which applied to something greater would be commendable. Let me see your cards. (Soldier brings cards and sullenly hands them up for inspection. De Soto laughs immoderately.) Oh, we Spaniards! A devilish lot are we. Our priests, when fire consumes the holy bread and wine perforce serve us a dry mass, but when the gamblers lose their tools they straightway make them others. (Enter Indian men and old women, some bring bundles of skins, some baskets of corn, one a flat basket heaped with fish. They set them down before De Soto.)
- Chief**—We give of our little, Son of the Sun, that you and your warriors may not want.
- De Soto**—(Very irritably, ignoring the chief)—Lay not those things upon the ground. Lift them up. Lift them up. You are to carry them for us.
- Chief**—But you are going into a far country, mighty chief.
- De Soto**—All the more reason for needing stout Indians to carry our burdens.
- Chief**—Do not take my people from the land of their birth.
- De Soto**—Only two hundred will I need, and a few of them will I send back when I can catch fresh ones.
- Chief**—Must they wear chains like those others?
- De Soto**—Yes. (There rises a murmur among Indians, which the chief stills with his hand.)
- Chief**—As the Great Spirit wills so must it be. (The bearers of gifts take their places among the followers of De Soto.)
- De Soto**—In return for your favors, O wise chief, I have brought you a plume and a scarlet blanket. (Presents them.) And if you wish, one of these knights will dismount and let you ride about upon his charger.

Chief—The gifts I take with gratitude, but let your warrior remain upon his charger. Long have my people looked up to me and honored me as I stood upon the earth. I think they would not now honor me more for sitting above them on a strange beast.

De Soto—As you please.

Chief—Will the great chief cross the river before the darkness hides its treacheries?

De Soto—We have laboriously crossed it once this day. Tell me not that a wanton curve brings it again across our path.

Chief—Over the little creek came the palefaces in the morning. But the great river lies on ahead.

De Soto—What a land of rivers! (The chief's daughter drawn by curiosity comes a few steps from her hiding-place. A soldier spies her and whispers to De Soto, who looks at her quickly.) Come here, beautiful brown girl! (She disappears at once, and De Soto turns to the Chief.)

De Soto—Who is that girl? I want her to go along with us.

Chief—(Proudly)—She is a royal princess. Leave us, my daughter.

De Soto—But we must have her, and you may send a half dozen other women to bear her company and cook for us and wait upon us. Eh, Anasco? No more bread made by sifting crushed corn through shirts of mail! These are women's tasks. (As he speaks, a ripple of signals starting from the chief has spread through the crowd of Indians, and the bearers of skins, fish, etc., have dropped their burdens. Now, on a sudden wild whoop from the chief, they flee yelling to the woods. In an instant the soldiers spring to attention.)

De Soto—(Shouting)—After them, De Gallegos! Send a friendly Indian to tell them not to take offence. We will not demand their women. And you, Mocosco, ride back and urge our comrades forward. (De Gallegos and Mocosco ride off, the former stopping to grasp an Indian's chain and take him along.)

Anasco—Ah, Governor! Must we be always fighting? A weary, blood-stained march is ours. Many a poor Indian have we slain and many a brave Spaniard lost these eighteen months since we landed in Florida.

De Soto—It is the lot of the adventurer. Anasco; you did not join this expedition for rest and ease.

Anasco—No. But all this shedding of blood seems useless. These savages are simple souls.

De Soto—(Laughing)—Simple, yes—mark you how they think me some near relation of their heathen god!

Anasco—Would it not be better to teach them of the holy church

than deceive them with these superstitions? Would it not be well to linger in this rich country and plant our Spanish flag in the midst of a Spanish colony? If we make no stamp of the royal seal upon the province, Portugal or some other enterprising rival may claim it.

De Soto—But the treasure?

Anasco—The corn fields and fruit trees yield a certain treasure. In seeking gold we but chase a receding phantom.

De Soto—And so you would have us turn farmers?

Anasco—It would be more worthy than this pushing on, on, at any cost we know not whither. What irony that Christians should mark their route across a land of savages with only a trail of blood and desolation! And all because our fevered eyes are fixed upon a golden chimera.

De Soto—(Brooding)—Do not think me dead to these things, Anasco. In the stillness of night when the rudest soldier lies snoring, they rush upon my throbbing brain. The terrible price we pay rests heavier upon my soul than it can upon yours. But there is no other way—we are a handful of men alone in a vast country of howling savages. One false step and they will tear us in pieces. I tell you, Mocasco, we dare not be soft-hearted. And as for stopping or turning back (proudly bracing his shoulders), they who follow De Soto press on in spite of danger. We came for gold, and gold we will find if we have to travel to the setting sun itself. De Soto will not go back to Spain laden only with tales of misaccomplishment. Death itself, even in these wilds, would be far better. (De Gallegos returns alone in great excitement.)

De Gallegos—They had crossed the river, so I sent the friendly Indian over in a canoe with offers of peace, as you told me.

De Soto—How did they receive him?

De Gallegos—(Shuddering and placing his hand before his eyes)—By the Holy Virgin, it was a horrid sight—they tore him limb from limb before my eyes, and flung him in the yellow current.

De Soto—Ah! These simple souls are savages after all, eh, Anasco? We may have to fight to save our scalps. Let us go forward and dispatch the business by daylight. Our forces must be near at hand. (All go off.)

INTERLUDE.

I. I. and C.—As Anasco feared, De Soto's harsh passage through the land was fruitless. It faded, among the Indians, into shadowy tradition and was then forgotten altogether. It was a century and a half before white men came to live even

upon the Gulf Coast; and for yet another hundred years the Choctaws and the Chickasaws hunted the deer in the unbroken forest between the Tombigbee and the Luxapallila. But during this latter century in succession four white nations claimed the land.

(The band plays strains of "The Marsellaise" as a French soldier crosses at the rear, carrying a French flag; "God Save the King" as an English soldier crosses, carrying English flag; the Spanish National Hymn as Spanish soldier crosses, carrying the flag; and "Columbia, the Gem of Ocean" as a United States soldier crosses, carrying the Stars and Stripes.)

PART I.

Scene 4.

(1800-1835)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Choctaw Hunters.

Pioneers.

A Trader.

Pushmataha, a Choctaw Chief.

John Pitchlynn, a White Man Reared from Childhood in Choctaw Tribe.

A Choctaw Warrior.

Choctaw Braves.

Tecumseh, a Shawnee Chief.

An Indian Messenger.

Gideon Linceum, a Pioneer.

Settlers.

Silas McBee, an Early Settler.

Moshulitubbee, a Choctaw Chief.

A United States Commissioner.

Killihota.

An Old Woman.

PART I.

Scene 4.

(Enter a party of Choctaw hunters, one a little in advance of others, bending down to examine the grass for traces of enemies or game. From the opposite direction comes a white man in the dress of a pioneer leading a little boy by the hand. He speaks to the Indians and they give him directions as to the trails. One of them turns back to show him the way. As the other Indians stand looking after them, a trader comes up from South with a heavily loaded pack-horse. The Indians surround him eagerly and offer articles for barter faster than he can attend to them.)

When he continues his way, he leaves each with a bottle of whiskey, a pistol, or some other article of a superior civilization. The Indians going off meet Pushmataha, a Choctaw chief of magnificent bearing, and John Pitchlynn, a white man in the dress of an Indian.)

Indians—(Greeting them)—Great Chief! Powerful Pushmataha!

Pushmataha—May your swift arrows bring down many deer, my brothers.

Pitchlynn—They all carry whiskey and fire-arms. The new roads make our hunting grounds a highway for traders.

Pushmataha—Yes, the travelers pass back and forth through our nation even as the birds hurry north and south with the changing seasons. But few of the white men build their nests here or linger among our wigwams.

(Enter a Choctaw warrior.)

Warrior—Most noble chief, from all the nation are coming the warriors to the appointed council-tree to hear the talk of Tecumseh.

Pushmataha—Is he near at hand?

(Warriors assemble.)

Warriors—Through the land of the Chickasaws has he ridden with his thirty mounted braves; and now, having crossed Oktibbeha, that bloody barrier between nations, he, too, approaches the council-oak.

All the Warriors—Tecumseh comes, mighty chief of Shawnees.
(Enter Tecumseh and his warriors.)

Pushmataha—From your great nation, O Tecumseh, has traveled to our distant wigwams the fame of your feats in the buffalo chase, your fierce bravery in battle, and your fiery-tongued eloquence. Many moons have we been curious to see this chief of the Shawnees. And now are we gathered here to open our ears to your talk.

Tecumseh—Mighty chief, powerful Pushmataha, my heart sings with pride that you have heard of my deeds in the far-off Northern countries. But let us make no talk until we have warmed our blood with the sacred dance. (Warriors dance. Then they seat themselves in a great circle on the ground, with Tecumseh, Pushmataha, and John Pitchlynn at back.)

Tecumseh—(Rising)—I am an Indian, and all my people are Indians. It is our delight to roam the free forests killing the wild deer and the great buffalo. We are a simple people, contented with only those things which the Great Spirit gives us, and caring not to make strange clothing and big houses as the white man does. But we are a kindly people, and we suffered our white brothers to come into our coun-

try, build their roads through our hunting grounds. (The warriors look at each other and nod significantly) and in all things to do as they would. How have they repaid us? By taking our lands from us and felling our vast forests. But a little more, and the red man, like the negro, will be their slave. The proudest Choctaw warrior will be made to dig and to bend under cruel burdens. (Warriors nod gravely and grunt.) O, brave Choctaws, return to your hunting. Let not the cowardly white men make weak farmers of you. Use not their base weapons, but rather the beautiful, singing bow and the red scalping knife. Find food to eat and skins to wear by killing beasts even as the Great Spirit has commanded. And let all the red men who are not cowards, whether Shawnee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, or Creek go upon the warpath together and free our forests from the Americans. My prophet says the Great Spirit has promised that not one of his children shall be slain, but that he will make our victorious tomahawks glow with the blood of the white man. (Tecumseh sits down amid a murmur of voices.)

Pitchlynn—(Rising)—O, my brothers, do not let the words of the prophet deceive you. Remember the missionaries have warned you against false prophets, to follow whose sayings will lead to destruction. As to our being cowards, Tecumseh, the Choctaws are too brave to fear a name.

Tecumseh—(Springing up)—You let this white man make talk at an Indian council!

Pushmataha—Say no word against our brother, Tecumseh.

Tecumseh—I bow my head to the will of the noble Pushmataha. But look you, warriors, this paleface speaks of your being too brave to fear the name of coward. That may be. But are you brave enough to have all the Indians in this great country call the Choctaws traitors and unite to destroy you utterly? And are you rich enough to refuse the present which the King of England will give for each scalp of a Tombigbee settler?

Pushmataha—(Rising)—You have heard the talk of Tecumseh, O my people. You have heard him, how he declared the raising of corn in fields an occupation unworthy of Indians. He does not know as you and I do that the Choctaws have always planted seed and gathered harvest since the days of ancient memory before the white man came. You have heard him, how he said the white men took the lands of the Shawnees, but you have not heard him tell that the Great Father in Washington paid a fair price for these lands. You have heard him, how he asked us to stain our tomahawks

with the blood of our white friends for the sake of presents from a white king who is not our friend. And mighty warriors, descendants of great Chahta, you have heard him say that we must join his wicked plot or be punished. I know you too well to think you will be influenced by the threats of this Tecumseh. Let us hear no more of his base talk. (Silence during which warriors shake their heads and whisper. At a gesture from Pushmataha, Tecumseh and his warriors rise and go off.)

Tecumseh—(Turning back with menacing motions)—Your blood is white. You are afraid. The Great Spirit is angry. When I get back to Detroit, I shall stamp my foot and shake down every hut in your nation.

(Indians divide in groups at back to talk, some walk among trees, others sit on ground. Pitchlynn goes off. Enter two travelers at front of hillock, where they can not see Indians. They cross, talking. As they pass on, the sound of their voices dying out in the wood, there enters the Indian who guided the Pioneer to South.)

Indian Messenger—The Muskogeese have massacred all at Fort Mims. (Warriors gather about quickly.)

Pushmataha—You know Tecumseh. He is a bad man, but he could not turn our heads. But he got the Muskogeese to join him. You know the people at Mims Fort. They were our friends. They played ball with us. They shared their food with us. Where are they now? Their bodies rot at Sam Mim's place. The Muskogeese mean to kill all our white friends. You are free men. I dictate to none. But I go to the defense of our friends. If you follow me, I will lead you to glory and to victory.

A Warrior—(Slapping his breast)—I am a man! I am a man! I will follow you!

(One after another the rest slap their breasts, all shouting. They go off, Pushmataha leading them. Enter Gideon Lincecum, in dress of a pioneer, walking beside a wagon loaded with materials for a log hut. He looks about him, selects a site for the building, secures his horse to a tree and goes off. He returns immediately followed by three or four Indians, who help him build his house. Indians unload his articles for fitting up a store, boxes, kegs, bolts of cloth, etc. They enter house, and deposit burdens. Lincecum comes out and looks about him.)

Lincecum—Nice, dry bluff; woods full of deer and turkeys; plenty of Choctaws across the river to buy my goods; one other settler here already and more coming now I'll be bound.

(He opens a box and sells to Indians as a white settler approaches.)

Settler—Are you Gideon Lincecum?

Lincecum—I am.

Settler—Then we are to be neighbors. My lot joins yours. Will you sell me a hammer and saw?

(Goes off, and almost at once the sound of his hammer and saw is heard. Other settlers, some in pioneer dress, others more prosperously attired and accompanied by negroes come in quick succession, obtain tools from Lincecum, and the noise of building becomes almost deafening. Indians watch curiously. Pushmataha enters front, and stands leaning against tree, looking on. Pitchlynn comes in, stops at store to talk to Lincecum and two citizens, Silas McBee, and another.

Pitchlynn—I heard some news as I came over the ferry.

Lincecum—How was that, Jack?

Pitchlynn—A traveler said we are in the new state of Mississippi and not of Alabama. (Chorus of surprise.) He was a bit insulting about your little village here.

Lincecum—(Indignantly)—He was?

Pitchlynn—Nearly laughed himself to death when I told him it was named "Possum Ridge."

McBee—Well, come to think of it, that is a pretty poor name. (Hammers and saws heard without.) Here, stop your work! Come here, everybody! (All the men enter, tools in hand, talking eagerly. They are followed by their wives and children. McBee raps for silence.) Citizens of Possum Ridge, you are called together to choose a better name for your town. What do you say to naming it for the man that discovered America—Christopher Columbus?

All—Columbus! Columbus!

(Enter negro, carrying U. S. mail-bag, which he hands to Lincecum.)

McBee—Three cheers for the first postmaster. (Citizens give cheers as Lincecum opens bag and distributes the mail. A bell sounds.)

McBee—The bell of Franklin Academy. Now he have a name, a post office, and a public school, what more could we want?

Settler—Homes, and churches, Silas, therefore let us go back to work.

(All citizens except McBee and one other go off. Pitchlynn joins Pushmataha and they fall into a friendly conversation. Moshulitubbee, a young chief, comes in and buys a drink from Lincecum, tosses it off, and holds out the glass for another.)

Lincecum—'Tubbee, you have had enough. Pushmataha, you

and Jack, come here, and reason with this Indian.

(Pushmataha and Pitchlynn join group in front of store.)

Pitchlynn—Do not drink more than is good for you, Moshulitubbee.

Moshulitubbee—Pitchlynn, my white brother, it is easy to tell another when he has had enough.

Lincecum—Look here, Tubbee, if you drink this red pepper, you will never want any more whiskey.

Moshulitubbee—Never?

Lincecum—Yes.

(Moshulitubbee, taking the cup from him, drinks it slowly, making fearful grimaces, to the uncontrolled amusement of his white spectators, at which Pushmataha again withdraws from the group looking very sad. He is joined by Pitchlynn and Moshulitubbee, as citizens go off laughing. Lincecum enters his store. Enter a U. S. Commissioner, his assistant, and a great number of Indian warriors. Two of the Indians bring in and place on the ground a bench for the U. S. officials, and then all seat themselves in a semi-circle facing it. Pushmataha and Pitchlynn sit at the left of bench and Moshulitubbee at right. Old women sit on the ground in the middle of the circle.)

Pushmataha—Do you bring us a message from the Great Father at Washington?

Commissioner—That I do, Brother Push. I have been sent to make an offer to your chiefs and nation. The Great Father knows what is good for his beloved Choctaw children and he wants to give you a big hunting-ground beyond the Mississippi river, a land of tall trees, many water-courses, and high grass. This rich country will he give you in all its broadness in exchange for that little slip of land where you now live. But sign this paper (Exhibits treaty) and you shall have a vast country where the white man shall not come nor the white man's laws hang over you. (Sits down.)

Pushmataha—(Rising)—Much wishing, O my brother, will lead the tongue into strange errors. This home of our ancestors, this land of ancient memories, is no mere slip of worthless country but a broad and fair expanse. And that western land, the hunting-ground beyond the Father of Waters, although it is extensive is not so rich as my white brother paints it. I have chased the Ovashsashi over those endless plains and I know full well the treeless, trackless deserts with their meager grass.

Commissioner—But look upon this map, Brother Push, what a

Pushmataha—(Looking at map intently)—This paper is not GREAT country you will have.

- true. The Red River does not run so—but so (stooping to mark on the ground with the handle of his pipe-hatchet. The Commissioner and his assistant exchange glances.)
- Commissioner**—You are mistaken.
- Moshulitubbee**—Let us all smoke tobacco. (Pushmataha lights and takes a whiff at his silver-mounted pipe-hatchet, and passes it to the Commissioner. As it goes on around he starts a heavy staff on the circuit in the opposite direction.)
- Pushmataha**—Let those who wish to sell our country beat upon the ground. (The staff passes from hand to hand until it reaches Killihota.)
- Killihota**—(Giving it a heavy thud upon the ground before passing it on)—I am for selling the country.
- An Old Woman**—(Springing to her feet and screaming)—Killihota, Killihota, you are a villian! You have two hearts!
- Killihota**—(Cringing, mutters)—You may cut me open and you shall see that I have but one heart and that for my people. (The staff has reached Moshultubbee now without being again struck on the earth.)
- Commissioner**—(Angrily)—And so you refuse? I am to tell the Great Father you do not want his kindness?
- Pushmataha**—Go not in anger to our Great Father bearing tales against us. I have visited him in his big white house; and, with his five fingers locked in my five fingers, received the pledge of his friendship. Surely he will not be angry that his children in their simplicity cling to their homes, where the bones of their fathers lie buried. Since the days beyond the memory of our nation have we dwelt here, our feet skimming the grassy plains and the intricate trails of the forest, our sharp arrows humming through the open places, and our ears rejoicing in the familiar murmur of the pines and the deep music of our Tombigbee. When the palefaces came into our land, we opened our hearts to them. They slept in our huts and ate of our venison. And never, in all our traditions, did a Choctaw lift tomahawk in anger against his white brother. It is not long since we went upon the war-path to save his life.
- Commissioner**—Stay here then, if that is your wish, until the white men over-run all the country, crowding you out and making you paupers. Stay here under the white men's laws, which will not even let you have chiefs within your tribe. Stay here and when you are homeless and in great distress, you may call on the President for help but he will turn a deaf ear to your lamentations and laugh at your calamities. (Indians all moan with terror.)

Old Woman—In our old age are we to be driven from our homes?

Commissioner—If anyone wishes to stay here and live as the white man, he will be given land for himself, his wives and his children, but all who live as Indians must go. Do you want the soldiers to come and drive you out, or will you sign? (Shakes treaty. Moaning increases, and all warriors come up to sign.)

Pushmataha—(Standing apart)—In the morning of life, great Chahta led our forefathers toward the rising sun. Many centuries have passed since then. And now we must turn toward the setting sun and retrace that weary way. (He goes off, followed by all the Indians except three young ones.)

Commissioner—Leaps upon bench, rings a bell, and cries out in auction style)—I will sell by public outcry all the lands of the Choctaws. (Settlers and pioneers crowd on and surround him.) What am I offered for a quarter section, rich prairie land, fronting the Tombigbee? What am I offered? What am I offered? (Rings bell and spectators bid eagerly. Indian, carrying a bundle of sticks, gains his attention.) No time to register Choctaws with a family of that size. (Takes the bundle of sticks and shows it to the crowd, who laugh and jeer.) What am I offered? Going—going, etc. (After concluding the auction which proceeds with much excitement.) Ladies and gentlemen, I am requested to announce that no more log houses are to be built in the town of Columbus. (All cheering and shouting "The Log House must go," surround the log house, knock it down and carry off the pieces.)

INTERLUDE.

(Enter Spirit of History who gives interpretive dance, "Lo! the Paleface.")

I. I. and C.—It was thus the young Columbus had her beginning. And so brilliant was her early career it seemed she was the favored child of fortune. I have even heard it said that fairy godmothers must have hovered near when she was christened.

(Enter the fairy godmothers of Columbus, dressed alike in robes and flowing head-dresses of gray. Good Government carries the fasces, Roman symbol of governmental authority; Education, a flaming silver torch, and Prosperity, a golden cornucopia full of fruit, flowers, and coins.)

Good Government—Was ever such another as our god-child, Columbus?

Education—I am sure there never was such a beauty and such precocity.

(From far away there comes the sound of a voice of surpassing sweetness singing.)

Prosperity—It is she, our beloved god-child. May she ever be as sweet and joyous!

Good Government—How happy are we, sisters, to be able to shower gifts upon her! I, Good Government, have endowed her with lofty ideals of leadership and made her a commonwealth above reproach. Broad streets and spacious homes were in my dream for her. The realization of these things came close upon the heels of wishing. Now I am wondering what new gift to choose? Does it puzzle you, too, Education?

Education—It does, Good Government, my first gift to her. Franklin Academy, is a possession she treasures so highly that I must needs fill the town with cultured people to outdo myself.

Good Government—And you, Prosperity?

Prosperity—Each day I shed countless new blessings upon her. I made her far-flung acres white with cotton, then brought steamboats for her commerce. Soon I shall give her railroads. Such wealth have I already poured about her that she knows no cordid care and may spend her days in pursuit of all that is best in life.

The Distant Voice—(Singing)—

(The godmothers go off as if impelled toward the singer by the radiance of her sing.)

PART II.

Scene 1.

(Autumn 1860-January 11, 1861.)

CAST OF SPEAKING CHARACTERS.

Mammy Louisa.
A Negro Driver.
Passie Butler.
Clara Shields.
Major Blewett.
Colonel Young.
Two Young Men.
Two Matrons.
A Young Lady.
A Young Gentleman.
Another Gentleman.
Wash Whitfield, a coachman.
Governor Whitfield.
Senator Jefferson Davis.
Turner Sykes.
William Humphries.
Regina Harrison.

CAST OF NON-SPEAKING CHARACTERS.

Negro Servants.
Colonel Isham Harrison.
L. Q. C. Lamar.
Governor John J. Pettus.
William S. Barry.
Charles L. Lincoln.
Willie Williams.
Richard Evans.
Colonel W. C. Richards.
Colonel Beverly Matthews.
Judge William L. Harris.
Major Ethel Barksdale.
William Barksdale.
Colonel John Gilmer.
Colonel John T. Cornwell.
Charles Baskerville.
Jeptha V. Harris.
George R. Clayton.
Amzi Love.
McKinney Irion.

Citizens of Columbus

Many other citizens and ladies of Columbus.
Columbus Riflemen, with C. H. Abert as captain.
Lowndes Southrons, with Wm. B. Wade as captain.
Sam Harris.

PART II.

Scene 1.

(Four or five young negro boys and girls come briskly on, carrying large baskets covered with white napkins. After depositing these with much care upon the ground, they refresh themselves further with song and dance. They are interrupted by the appearance of a sleek, well-conditioned negro Mammy, who bears in her arms two white babies, evidently twins.)

Mammy—Fo' de Lawd's sake! Look at dem no'count niggers! Ef I wa'n't so pitiable, I'd sho' cuss you out, you wuthless black rascals! Heah you is, sont to carry de bread an' cakes to de bobby-cue, a-stoppin' to play on de road! The culprits take up their baskets and sneak off.) Dat's what's de matter wid dese Columbus niggers—just nachelly spoiled rotten. Dey ain't been a nigger whipped on our place in six months. (A wagon loaded with bales of cotton comes by, and its driver makes a gesture of salutation.) Good mawning. Dat's fine cotton!

Driver—(Stopping)—Fine yer say? Dis heah cotton is de fines' cotton in Lawndes county.

Mammy—Humph. Who rais' it?

Driver—Dis was rais' right out heah, on de Billups place, and (impressively) hit tuk de blue ribbon at de fair, what I'm talkin' about.

Mammy—Humph.

Driver—I reckon you all didn't get no prizes.

Mammy—Elevating the twins for inspection—I reckon you ain't heard about Marse Alexander Hamilton's gettin' two prizes for his fine sons, Marse William Baskerville and Marse George Young.

Driver—Well, I'll be gettin' on. Good mawnin'.

Mammy—Good mawnin'.

(Miss Passie Butler in fashionable dress shading herself with a bright-colored parasol passes the out-going team and acknowledges the driver's 'Good mawnin', young Mistis' with a gracious inclination of the head.)

Passie Butler—How do you do, Uncle? Good morning, Mammy. How are the prize boys today?

Mammy—(Bowing and courtesying as well as her bulk and her double burden will permit)—Dey's well, thank ye ma'am, dey's well.

(Passie Butler passes on, meeting Clara Shields.)

Passie Butler—La, Clara, I was beginning to think you hadn't

got my note.

Clara Shields—Why, am I late?

(Major Blewett, an elderly gentleman of courtly bearing, approaches. The young ladies courtesy to him.)

Major Blewett—Young ladies, good morning. It would be profanation to ask after your health when your cheeks are so blooming.

Both—Ah, Major Blewett.

(Major Blewett joins Colonel Young, who has just entered right front. They shake hands.)

Major Blewett—Even the charms of Waverly, Colonel Young, cannot hold you when there is a prospect of hearing Jefferson Davis speak?

Colonel Young—I would, sir, travel almost any distance to hear our eloquent senator, particularly when the occasion will bring together my friends from all over the county. I have arranged to have my young friend Lamar speak here today, as you doubtless know. I am deeply interested in his future.

(Two young men on horseback surrounded by a pack of foxhounds enter, dismount, and join the young ladies with the proper exchange of courteous greeting. The horses are led off by negroes. A gay throng now assembles in groups of two or three. There is seen a slight disposition of the younger to gather together, and of the older to seek their kind, but much laughter and easy talk goes on from group to group as of a people happy in each other's society. The gentlemen old and young, wearing shawls and tall hats of the day, go about greeting the new arrivals. Above the hum of voices, in the interstices of laughter, are heard from various quarters scraps of conversation.)

A GROUP OF MATRONS.

First—I was delayed by the coming of a wagon with supplies from the plantation.

Second—Giving orders about the supper for the dance kept me. No matter how often I entertain it flurries me to plan a supper for three hundred.

First—The idea! The darkies can always eat what's left.

TWO YOUNG MEN.

First—You did not join the fox-hunt?

Second—I take little pleasure in hunting since I lost my horse.

First—He was a fine animal, indeed, but surely your father's stables would afford another good mount?

A GROUP OF OLDER MEN.

Major Blewett—Shall you plant much cotton next spring, Sir?

Colonel Young—I hope to have five hundred acres under cultivation, Sir.

Another Gentleman—What a rich country this is, to be sure! The railroad makes its prospects practically limitless.

A GROUP OF YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Young Gentlemen—Not dance the new dances!

Young Lady—(Primly)—My father disapproves of the waltz and polka.

Clara Shields—Don't you wish they would come on? I wonder what can be keeping them. I have never seen Senator Davis.

Mumphries—Have you not? Then you are fortunate to be here. Jefferson Davis is the man of the hour.

Clara Shields—Here they come at last! I see Governor Whitfield's horses.

(The carriage comes in front of hillock, plainly visible to audience but not to all on stage. As the carriage, in which the Jefferson Davis, Governor Pettus, L. Q. C. Lamar, and Governor Whitfield, Col. Isham Harrison, Miss Callie Harrison, comes in sight there is much applause. When this subsides, Wash, the negro coachman, his face radiant, turns round.)

Wash—Marse Colonel, sence dese hawses tuk de blue ribbon at de fair, de folks sho' does appreciate 'em.

(The carriage proceeds to rear of valley, its distinguished inmates, still laughing at the coachman's error but bowing graciously from side to side in acknowledgment of the continued applause. The occupants alight and are greeted with much bowing and handshaking by the most prominent citizens. Governor Whitfield assumes the center of interest and the people become instantly quiet.)

Governor Whitfield—It is my pleasure to introduce this morning to the beauty and chivalry of Lowndes County assembled here at Columbus, a great Mississippi statesman. It were needless, before this audience, to dwell upon his claims to greatness; for there is not one among us but knows his brilliant history. Nor is it in my humble power to add one leaf to the wreath of laurel upon the brow of this student, soldier, orator, statesman. Without further speech therefore, I present to you the Hero of Buena Vista, Senator Jefferson Davis.

Jefferson Davis—(When the tumult of applause has subsided and the bouquets of flowers thrown to him have been gathered up)—People of Columbus, Mississippians, I am come among you to sound the rallying trumpet—call to action, to warn all voters of the importance of their duty in the coming

presidential election. It is the belief of Abraham Lincoln, the Republican candidate, that the great issue of the nation must now be settled peacefully at the polls or by such diabolical measures as those by which John Brown stained the soil of Virginia with blood. Lincoln's election will mean but one thing, a declaration of national hostility toward the South and her institutions.

There are none more proud than Southerners of the achievements of this nation. We glory in the fact that we have tamed a wilderness and spanned a continent in the strength of our union. But if that day arrives when this union would deprive us of our due, then must we sadly sever our connection with it. We but ask that the government abide by that law supreme to all Americans, that compact freely entered into by sovereign states, that fixed standard set up for us by our fathers—the Constitution of the United States. It were idle to prate of natural rights while stands that great organ with its protecting measures. The wise statesmen who framed it understood the different interests of the planting and navigating states, as they were then called, and formed a government for all. But now if one section, placed in power by weight of numbers, swayed by fanaticism, seek to wreck the interests of the other, then is the compact broken. If the hurricane of abolition, sweeping before it right and justice, cause the temple of our fathers to totter on its pillars, we must seek a place of safety or be crushed beneath the general ruin.

If Mississippi in her sovereign capacity decides to submit to the dictation of a base and arrogant foe, then will I sit me down as one upon whose brow the brand of infamy and degradation has been stamped. But if Mississippi decides to resist then, if need be, I will gather around me her brave and resolute sons; and, planting her flag upon the crest of battle and making a few small hillocks upon her border, wait the reception of the vandal horde.

Governor Whitfield—Since our other speakers, Mr. L. Q. C. Lamar and Governor Pettus, insist that we do not urge them to speak immediately following the Senator, we will defer their speeches until after our barbecue dinner.

(The guests return to the carriage and are driven off to left, followed by the crowd unmistakably subdued by Davis' speech.)

(Turner Sykes and another young man talking earnestly, meet William Humphries.)

William Humphries—Mississippi has seceded!

Turner Sykes—Are you sure?

William Humphries—The news came over the wires from Jackson. There can be no doubt of it.

(Others gather excitedly from all sides, one bringing a newspaper which he hands to the first speaker.)

Turner Sykes—(Reading)—Mississippi Secedes. Convention votes 84 to 15 in favor of ordinance. Jackson, Mississippi, January 9, 1861.—In the hall of the House of Representatives, with William S. Barry of Lowndes County presiding, the Mississippi Convention passed an ordinance to dissolve the union between herself, and the other United States. At roll call, James L. Alcorn, who had ardently opposed unqualified secession, responded with much feeling, "Mr. President, the die is cast, the Rubicon is crossed; I follow the army that goes to Rome; I vote for the ordinance." When, before adjournment, President Barry unfurled the new flag of the young republic, a blue flag bearing a single star, there was great applause in the convention and audience.

(The men go off talking excitedly and crowding to read from the paper. From a distance is heard a chorus, "The Bonnie Blue Flag." Enter Governor Whitfield on foot, followed by Wash, his coachman, who, in turn, is followed by two negroes leading the carriage horses, still in harness but without the carriage.)

Wash—(Desperately)—Fo' de Lawd's sake, Marse Guv'nor, don't let mistis send mah hawses to de war! Ain't dey de prize hawses ob de county? What'll de chullin do? Gib 'em all we got, Marse Colonel, but don' gib' 'em Chat an' Chunk. Don take mah hawses.

(Governor Whitfield will not heed and they pass off. Enter all the young ladies to sew on the flags. Negroes bring benches for them. The sewing begins amid cries of "Where are my scissors?" "Who has my thread?" and "I can't find my thimble." When possessions are finally in their places, conversation becomes fore distinct.)

Clara Shields—I suppose we shall never have another dance while the boys are gone.

Regina Harrison—O, Clara, how can you talk of dances now?

Clara Shields—Well, we shan't have to be sad long, for everyone says the war will be over in two months. And then think what heroes the Columbus boys will be!

Passie Butler—If only Dr. Lyon could be persuaded to pray for victory! But he just won't do it.

Clara Shields—Does he want us to be defeated?

Passie Butler—I only know he won't pray for victory.

Regina Harrison—Don't you feel sorry for the boys who are not going? They say they know it will be over before they can

get companies formed and accepted.

Colonel Young—(Entering)—Are the busy fingers making uniforms for our boys?

Regina Harrison—Oh no, Sir. We are making their flags! But you are not wearing a cockade. (She gets up to pin a blue cockade on his coat.) What time is it, please, Sir? (The Colonel shows her his watch.) O, girls, we must hurry. It is time for them to come.

(The girls rise, still sewing. The negroes carry out the benches. Matrons and older men wearing cockades assemble. The band plays "Dixie" and some of the women touch their handkerchiefs to their eyes. At the sound of marching feet, all withdraw from center and encircle valley. Enter two military companies: Columbus Riflemen and Lowndes Southrons, with C. H. Albert and Wm. B. Wade as captains. The band continuing to play, the companies at command march abreast down center, by fours up side, etc., coming to pause in two long lines facing left. Here they go through a small part of the manual of arms. Then Passie Butler and Clara Shields, bearing flags, come forward and face them. The crowd sings "Dixie.")

Passie Butler—(Lifting flag)—To show our pride in you we have made this flag. Whenever you look upon it, think first of the splendid cause it typifies, and next of how you came to have it. If you have these two thoughts ever with you, you will bear yourselves most nobly, for nothing short of the greatest nobility would be worthy of the cause or justify our pride in you. (Presents flag to Sam Harris.)

Clara Shields—May defeat never dim these silken folds. (Presents flag to Beverly Wade.)

(The band plays "Maryland, My Maryland," and the soldiers march off single file amid bravely cheerful faces and waving handkerchiefs; but when the last soldier is out of the valley and the music is dying away the smiles fade and there is the suggestion of tears. All turn sorrowfully and go off in the opposite direction.)

INTERLUDE.

Sympathy—Don't tell about the war, Alma Mater. It always wrings my heart.

Others—Oh, yes; tell it.

I. I. and C.—The invaders never reached Columbus; but, through those weary years, the waiting women here fought out their bloodless battles against weakness and cowardice. Often however they smiled, sometimes danced, and once in a way there was a wedding.

PART II.

Scene 2.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Allen Harrison, a little boy.
Mary Harrison, a little girl.
Mrs. James T. Harrison.

Mary Askew.	}	Bridesmaids
Passie Butler.		
Sue Dabney.		
Annie Fort.		
Sallie Martin.		
Theodosia Odeneal		
Ozle Topp.		
Ellen Williams.		
Lu Young.		

General Jackson.	}	Groomsmen
Joseph W. Martin.		
Lieutenant Price.		
Captain Sanders.		
Captain Sandig.		
J. F. Weissinger.		
Hon. B. Yancy.		

Bishop Green.
General Stephen D. Lee, the groom.
Regina Harrison, the bride.

GUESTS AT WEDDING.

General Buford.
Dr. Fenton McCabe.
General Ross.
Mrs. Benoit.
Mrs. Crusoe.
Irene Crusoe.
Fannie Clayton.
Louise Dickinson.
Fannie Evans.
Mrs. Lucy Pendergast.
Bessie Harris.
Augusta Sykes.
Mrs. Peters.
Mrs. James W. Sykes.
Annie Turner.
Mrs. Woolridge.

Mrs. Laura Young Whitfield.
Mrs. Williams.
Judge Clayton.
Major Turner Sykes.
Colonel Young.
Helen Goffe.
Dr. Pym.
Dr. Mattingly.
Dr. McCabe.
Mac Dickinson.
Dr. Matthews.
Lillie Green.
Mrs. Askew.
Mary McGavack.
Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin.
Dr. and Mrs. Topp.
Mr. and Mrs. Witherspoon.
Colonel and Mrs. McLaurin.
Colonel and Mrs. Billups.
Miss Lillie Ramsey.
Mrs. W. S. Barry.
Lula Weaver.
Mat Morton.
Blannie Shields.
Maud Leigh.
Dr. and Mrs. Lyon.
Major Joe Billups.
Carleton Billups.
Miss Mollie E. Humphries.
Colonel and Mrs. Beverly Matthews.
Anna John Pouncey Mayo.
Jennie Worthington.
Anna Evans.
Dr. and Mrs. Mac Clay.
Captain Ruggles.
Mrs. Fort.
Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Mayo.
Lucretia Banks.
Mrs. A. B. Meek.
Judge Field.
Sallie Johnston.
Calvin Perkins.
Negro servants.

PART II.

Scene 2.

(February 9, 1865.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

(Negro servants set a sofa just back of center of stage. Enter Allen and Mary Harrison, the little brother and sister of the bride.)

Allen—Oh! oh! Mary, don't you wish you could see in the dining room?

Mary—There are two dining rooms tonight, one full of meats and one full of sweets.

Allen—Of course, I saw the supper and you didn't. There are about a thousand cakes and a hundred bowls of charlotte and jelly and ice cream and stands of fruit and nuts and coffee and tea and oyster soup and oysters and bread and salads and pickle and a whole lot of turkeys.

Mary—Oh!

Allen—It took forty dozen eggs to cook that supper.

Mary—Oh! oh!

Allen—And everybody will have something to carry home.

Mary—I wish I could be a fairy in the wedding and I wish that I hadn't had to go to school.

Allen—(Going to one side and peering out)—Come here, Mary, and look, the hall's just full of people already, and I can hear more coming all the time. Do you reckon sister's nearly ready? (Enter Mrs. James T. Harrison.)

Mrs. Harrison—Ally, Mary, don't stand looking out at the company.

(The bridesmaids in white tarletan dresses with ruffled hoop skirts and many roses, with their escorts, all military officers, enter informally laughing and talking.)

Passie Butler—Is the bride almost ready, Mrs. Harrison?

Mrs. Harrison—Almost.

Ellen Williams—Regina is very fortunate to have all the regalia of a bride: white satin, point lace, veil, and even orange blossoms, when most Southern girls are having to get married in homespun now.

Passie Butler—And to have a wedding cake when sugar is worth its weight in gold.

Ellen Williams—And to have Bishop Green in town.

Mrs. Harrison—You girls will be saying next that it is fortunate General Lee was wounded!

Passie Butler—No doubt he thinks it a piece of very good luck.

General Jackson—Many a soldier now longs for wounds that he

may recuperate in Columbus.

Passie Butler—(Courtesying)—You flatter us, General Jackson.
(Major Blewett enters.)

Allen—There is grandfather, Mary. (The children run and affectionately seize his hand.)

Major Blewett—We brought our invalid guest, the bridegroom, along.

Mrs. Harrison—Young gentlemen, I want to introduce you to my father, Major Blewett. (She presents him. Each bows low as his name is called.)

(General Stephen D. Lee, walking with the aid of a crutch and a stick, enters. One of the young men hurries toward him and helps him to the sofa, where he becomes at once the center of interest.)

Major Blewett—How is the foot, Sir?

General Lee—It causes me only slight discomfort, thank you, Major.

Major Blewett—(To Mrs. Harrison)—Do you not think it would be best for General Lee to remain seated during the ceremony?

General Lee—I beg of you, sir, not to concern yourself. I can stand, I assure you.

Mrs. Harrison—He is not to walk, father. We arranged to have a tableau wedding.

Passie Butler—It is a great pity, General, that the bride and groom cannot dance.

General Lee—Ah, you are kind, but we shall nevertheless be interested spectators. What is the dance you have learned for the occasion?

Passie Butler—The Lancers. It has never been danced in Columbus.

(Enter Regina Harrison, the bride. They all turn toward her with such exclamations of delight that she hesitates, embarrassed. Mary Askew goes to meet her, and leads her to the group.)

Major Blewett—The General is standing. Regina, my child, in the interest of my patient, do sit down.

Ellen Williams—Oh, no, sir. The bride must stand for fear she will muss her veil.

(Major Blewett forces General Lee back upon the sofa. Enter Bishop Green in his vestments.)

Mrs. Harrison—Here is Bishop Green. Form your tableau, young people. Father, when they are ready, invite the company in.

(The bride stands in front of sofa where sits the groom. Bishop Green faces them. Their attendants with much bustle

form a group at each side. The family withdraws from the picture. Mrs. Harrison nods to her father; and Mary and Allen run to the sofa, climb up, and stand behind the bridal pair. The groom rises. The company, most of whom are women, enter and assume an expectant pose. Bishop Green reads from the prayer book the Episcopal marriage service in abbreviated form. Allen and Mary are the first to embrace the bride. They also seize hold of the groom, calling him "Brother Steven," but the entire company tenders its congratulations amid a hum of talk and occasional gay laughter. Fragmentary conversation from the changing group about Mrs. Harrison rises above the general talk.)

Helen Goffe—(In blue silk, with roses in her hair)—Mrs. Harrison, this is indeed an occasion as brilliant as those of happier days, an oasis in our social desert.

(She passes on toward the bride and groom, and three army surgeons talk with Mrs. Harrison.)

Dr. Pym—(Very bald)—If is such occasions as this that make the hospital staff dread the end of the war.

Mrs. Harrison—Columbus, too, would be sorry to see the army surgeons leave, but you may be sure we shall always remember you most happily, Dr. Pym. Perhaps you will leave behind as a memento, a lock of your hair?

Dr. Mattingly—(With shouts of laughter)—A lock of his hair; he would rather part with an eye tooth.

Mac Dickinson—Oh- Mrs. Harrison, my hat is gone!

Mrs. Harrison—Did you give it to one of the servants, Mac?

Mac Dickinson—No, Ma'am, I hid it in the japonica bush as I came in, and when I went back just now it was gone!

Mrs. Harrison—Perhaps Allen knows something of this. Excuse me, gentlemen, I must investigate, for a hat is a rare and precious possession in these days.

(When at length this phase of the wedding is ended, the center of the stage clears, leaving room for the dancers in front of the bride and groom upon the sofa. The attendants dance the Lancers, and are commended with much applause. Then the company dances.)

Mrs. Harrison—(To Bessie Harris and Helen Goffe)—Bessie, General Bufort wishes to take you in to supper. Helen, you will go with General Ross.

(The line forms, led by the bride and the groom with his crutch and stick, followed by the attendants, then by the family and general company.)

Passie Butler—(To her escort, as others take their places)—Do

you know we have been going to supperless parties all during the war?

Escort—Indeed?

Passie Butler—Sometimes we have a bowl of plums or a tray of pop-corn.

(They all go off. The negro servants come to remove the sofa. Allen and Mac Dickinson return running and much excited.)

Allen—(To servant)—General Bufort fainted! When he reached over to get some oyster soup for Miss Bessie he hurt his wound and fell right down like this. (He illustrates.) And Miss Bessie hollered, "Don't ruin my dress, General!" and Miss Helen Coffe most bit her spoon in two.

Mac Dickinson—(Rubbing his neck)—Mrs. Crusoe jumped so she scalded my neck with hot coffee, but she said it was worse for me to spill ice cream on her dress, because new skin is easier to get than silk. (They follow the servants off.)

Allen—(Calling out)—And everybody hollered, and he made an awful noise when he fell.

INTERLUDE.

Crystal Clear—How sad to think the Old South with all its beauty and romance had to die! Is it wrong to wish the Confederacy had not failed, Alma Mater?

L. L. and C.—Did it fail?

Crystal Clear—(Puzzled)—The South was defeated.

L. L. and C.—But it is not for us to say it failed.

Candor—I can not forgive the North.

L. L. and C.—Learn of Columbus.

PART II.

Scene 3.

(April 25, 1866.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Matt Morton.

Mrs. J. T. Fontaine.

Mrs. Green T. Hill.

Mrs. Augusta Sykes.

Other ladies and girls of Columbus.

PART II—Scene 3.

(Enter two little girls in white dresses who set up in the ground the semblance of headstones in two widely separated groups, eight to a group. One plants the flag of the Confederacy in the midst of her group and the other the flag of the United States. They go off. Enter to music a flower-laden procession of young girls in white and women in mourning who decorate the graves impartially and then form a semi-circle around them.)

All—The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.

(They go off in the order of entrance.)

INTERLUDE.

Crystal Clear—Did the North know that the women of Columbus did this generous thing?

F. I. and C.—Tell them, Sympathy.

Sympathy—It was a Northerner who wrote the poem about it:

“By the flow of the inland river
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the green grass quiver,
Asleep in the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one the Blue,
Under the other the Gray.

* * * * *

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses the Blue
Under the lilies the Gray.

* * * * *

No more shall the war cry sever
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue.
Tears and love for the Gray.”

(Little girls return and carry off first the stones, then the flags, and last the flowers.)

(Enter Spirit of History, who gives an interpretive dance. "War-blight.")

(Enter the godmothers of Columbus looking very sad.)

Education—It is long since we heard Columbus sing.

Prosperity—What a dreadful blight fell on her young joy when war destroyed her youth and wrecked her rich possessions! But she is most wonderfully courageous through her misfortunes.

Education—Courageous? Yes, splendidly brave and patient. It is that which breaks my heart—Columbus has lost her youth, her joyous, buoyant youth.

Good Government—Is there not something that will bring back her hope and radiance?

Prosperity—(Shaping her head dejectedly)—There is no chance for Prosperity while the poor war-exhausted country lies in the grasp of avaricious carpet-baggers.

Education—Oh, no, Good Government, no chance whatever for Prosperity or Education in a land so beset.

Good Government—(Her face lighting up)—But what if the power of this corrupt government were overthrown?

Prosperity—Ah, if such a thing could be!

Education—There can be little possibility of upsetting the present order of things, Good Government. Remember that the ignorant colored people, who are wax in the hands of these same carpet-baggers, most hopelessly outnumber the enlightened of the community.

Good Government—Away with discouragement. Wit does sometimes triumph against might, you know. (She laughs delightedly.) Already a half-dozen harmless schemes crop up in my mind.

Education and Prosperity—What are they?

Good Government—Patience, patience, my sisters. Make room for my magic. (She leads them to one side. Then she lifts her fasces after the manner of one performing a spell with a wand.)

PART III.

Scene 1.

(1876.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

A Young Negro.
An Old Negro.
A Carpet-Bagger.
Two Citizens of Columbus.
Col. W. C. Richards.
White citizens.
Negroes.

PART III.

Scene 1.

(Two negroes, one a tall young mulatto of aggressivemien and the other a small, wizened old man with gray hair, bring in and place a table and two benches in the foreground and two old-fashioned hand-pumps for fighting fire in the rear. While so doing, they engage in conversation. In the intervals of talk the young one whistles, "Step Light Ladies.")

The Young One—Things sho is changed 'round heah lately. Dere ain't a white man in dis town can tell me whut I got ter do.

The Old One—Humph.

The Young One—Dere ain't. Ise as good as any dese white men in Columbus.

The Old One—Mebbe so. Mebbe you' is jest as good. (Pausing.) Howsomever, yo' is a nigger.

The Young One—(Truculently)—A nigger, is I? Well, dat ain't so bad now'days. De niggers has things lak dey wants 'em. De niggers 'lects de officers, passes de laws, an' spen's de money. De white folks, dey cayn't do nothin' but pay de taxes.

The Old One—(Chuckling)—Dat's so.

The Young One—Yessir, de bottom rail is sho' on top of dis fence.

(Enter a white man carrying a bright-colored carpet-bag.)

Carpet-bagger—Have you gentlemen voted yet?

(Both negroes assume a pose of much dignity at this greeting.)

The Young One—Yessir, we has.

The Carpet-bagger—You voted for Mr. Eggleston, did you?

The Young One—Yessir. Fo' Mr. Eggleston.

Carpet-bagger—Did you mark your votes as I showed you?

The Young One—Yessir. Jes' lak you say, we done.

Carpet-bagger—You did not let some one else tell you how?

The Young One—No sir, we sho' done lak you say.

Carpet-bagger—(Menacingly)—Is that the truth?

The Old One—(Edging off)—'Fore God, Boss, it is de bible truth.

Carpet-bagger—Well, if it isn't you are the ones to suffer. If the Democrats carry this election they'll make you slaves again. How would you like that? (Oratorically). Do you not like to be free, with no man to give you orders—able to go where you please, work when you please, and vote as you please?

Both—Yessir, yessir.

Carpet-bagger—If the Republicans win, you gentlemen will soon be owners of plantations with white men picking cotton for you.

The Young One—(With a loud guffaw)—Ain't it so.
(The carpet-bagger goes off.)

The Old One—Does yo' reckon we done dat votin' raht? Reckin we ain't got somethin' mixed up?

The Young One—Ef all de niggers in dis town knows lak I does 'bout dis votin' bizness, Mister Eggleston is de Mayor ob Columbus befo' dey eben counts de votes.

The Old One—Well, it ain't all in jes' knowin' how. Dere ain't neber no tellin' how things is comin' out wid all dese heah goin's on, and sperets er-conjurin' 'round.

The Young One—Yo' talkin' 'bout dem Ku Kluxes?

The Old One—(Trembling with fear, drops the bench he is carrying and looks wildly about him)—Hush, nigger, fo' de Lawd's sake. Don't yo' know dat ain't safe? Don't be so reckless—some wid yo' tongue.

(Enter two white citizens whom the old negro greets obsequiously with bowing and scraping. The negroes go off.)

First Citizen—Well, the suspense will soon be over. The polls are about to close.

Second Citizen—I should not say "suspense" if I were you. (He draws a package out of his pocket, slaps it against his hand, and winks mysteriously. They both laugh.)

First Citizen—(Becoming grave)—I wish there were some other way to carry the election.

Second Citizen—You astonish me, sir. Surely you have no morbid compunctions as to the relative merits of the votes of darkies who are but the dupes of a handful of unprincipled and designing carpet-baggers and those which represent the wish of the intelligent and public-spirited citizens of Columbus?

First Citizen—Oh, no.

Second Citizen—Then why—?

First Citizen—I was merely wishing for a surer means of saving the day. (They both laugh.) Indeed I have no compunctions. Quite the contrary, my dear sir. I am most deeply convinced that the present state of affairs must be ended peaceably now if they are to be ended peaceably at all. I have long feared bloodshed. It is beyond human nature to expect a high-souled people to submit to such outrages as are daily perpetrated. We can not sit quiet while this mis-rule devours our patrimony, or while our women behind closed blinds tremble at the sound of black hordes tramping past to music of fife and drum.

Second Citizen—Let us not excite ourselves. When we carry this election we shall surely see the beginning of better things.

First Citizen—Ah, if it were only safely finished.

Second Citizen—I, too, long to see the end of the carpet-bag supremacy.

(Sound of voices.)

First Citizen—Listen. The polls must have closed. Hide that package.

(Enter the election officials, who are the Carpet-bagger, two clerks, two judges, and a policeman, accompanied by citizens white and colored. The carpet-bagger, having discarded his bag, carries the ballot-box, which he places upon the table. The clerks seat themselves and prepare writing materials to register votes.)

Carpet-bagger—Stand back, there. We don't take any chances with this election. (Impressively.) For mayor of the City of Columbus the Republican candidate is Mr. Eggleston; the Democratic candidate, Colonel W. C. Richards. Please register the count. (He unlocks the box and takes out the votes singly.) Mr. Eggleston, Mr. Eggleston, Mr. Eggleston, Mr. Eggleston, etc.

(Cries of "Fire! fire!" from without are taken up by citizens, who rush toward engines, upsetting table, box, benches, carpet-bagger, clerks, and all. He whom we have designated "First Citizens," quickly scoops up handfuls of votes from the over-turned box, and the other drops in the contents of his mysterious package. The carpet-bagger hurriedly disentangles himself and locks the box, which he never loses hold of again. All except him go off shouting and tugging at the engines. Almost immediately they come trooping back, without the engines, laughing uproariously.)

Second Citizen—(Leading)—False alarm!

First Citizen—Ah, these practical jokers. Some mischievous boy no doubt is laughing in his sleeve at us.

Carpet-bagger—(Looking glum)—He should be soundly thrashed. Let us proceed with the election returns.

(The table and benches are set up, the clerks seated, and a fresh start is made.) Please register the count: Col. W. C. Richards, Richards, Richards, Richards, Richards, Richards. (The surprise in his voice changing to displeasure and finally to alarm.) Richards, Richards, Richards———

(The rest of the count is lost in the tumult that bursts forth, but the carpet-bagger, by screaming and beating on the table makes himself heard for the final announcement.) Colonel W. C. Richards, the Democratic candidate for mayor, is overwhelmingly elected.

(The citizens, carrying Col. Richards on their shoulders, go off with cheers in one direction, and the officials with silent dejection in another, the negroes begin fearfully to remove the furniture. Their actions are eloquent but they do not speak until they lift their last burden, the table.)

The Old One—(Pausing)—Now, whut d'yo' think?

The Young One—I don't know! I don't know!

The Old One—Yo' goes in hones' Republican ticket, but whut yo' comes out (Devoutly,) de Lawd only knows.

(They go off, shaking their heads.)

INTERLUDE.

(Prosperity, Education, and Good Government, who have smiled throughout the scene, now laugh aloud.)

Good Government—(Triumphantly)—Talk not of failure to me.

Prosperity—You are a marvelous trickster, sister, and now all things are possible for Columbus. Shall I perform my magic next?

Education—O, Prosperity, let me bestow the next gift. I have thought of a wondrous present, and I long to make it an actuality.

Prosperity—Is it a secret?

Education—It is a fair dream which grows upon me, opens vistas of possibility. It will give Columbus her youth again and then—and then she shall be forever young, our beloved city of flowers.

Good Government—What miracle is this, Education?

Education—I will bring the young womanhood of all the state to seek learning in Columbus.

Crystal Clear—(Rapturously)—O, Alma Mater!

(L. J. and C. stills her with a gesture and Education waves her torch. The Spirit of History enters and gives interpretive dance, "A New Dawn.")

PART III.

Scene 2.

(June 30-July 2, 1887.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

The I. I. and C. Girls of 1886-1887.

Dr. R. W. Jones, President of I. I. and C.

Governor Lowry.

Mr. J. R. Preston, Superintendent of Education.

Mrs. A. C. Peyton.

The Faculty.

PART III.

Scene 2.

(Enter four girls in I. I. and C. uniform of the Eighties, two of them carrying a floral ship. The other two, by manipulation of cords previously arranged upon the branches of trees, provide means of suspending the ship. It is slowly drawn up to a height far above their heads and secured.)

First Girl—There, I don't think it will fall.

Second Girl—Isn't it beautiful—and elaborate?

First Girl—Mrs. Billups made it, they say. I wonder why she made a ship.

Second Girl—Why? It is a symbol, of course.

First Girl—A symbol?

Second Girl—That this great institution has at length been launched.

First Girl—Oh!

Second Girl—In some ways I am sorry that commencement time has come.

First Girl—So am I. But it is a relief to know the examinations are over. Yesterday from eight in the morning until six in the afternoon I alternately chewed my pen-staff and scribbled thoughts on English Literature.

(They go off talking, but enter again with a great number of other girls also in uniform. The procession advances two abreast until the leaders have almost reached the center, then the columns divide right and left and assume a diagonal line of march. When they come to pause and face inward they are in two lines converging toward the rear of the valley. Enter faculty, one by one, each greeted by a sort of stage whisper among the girls: Miss Sallie C. McLaurin, Miss Pauline V. Orr, Miss M. J. S. Cal-laway, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Whitfield, Miss Ruth Roudebush, Mrs. A. C. Peyton, Miss Martin, Miss Gessner Tutwiler, Miss Mary B.

Bacon, Miss Ida Rust, Mrs. M. S. Battle, Miss S. V. Hill, Miss Bettie B. Clay, Mrs. Addie T. Owen, Mrs. Irene A. Ramsey, Mrs. A. E. Crusoe, Miss Rosa E. Worthington, Mrs. F. I. Crowell, Mrs. Lucy Torrey, Miss Louise Harris. They form two groups above the lines of girls. Enter the President, Dr. R. W. Jones, with the dignitaries of the occasion, Governor Lowry, Hon. J. R. Preston, and others. They station themselves between the groups of the faculty. Dr. Jones advances to center, greeted by applause.)

Dr. Jones—The Industrial Institute and College of the State of Mississippi is an actuality. It could not be until mortar had been mixed, corner-stones laid, and walls upraised. But even these are no more than the semblance of a college. The Promethean fires which quickened it were its great purpose to serve, and the answering ardor in the hearts of these young women. The year's work is ended, and our first commencement reached. In other days, we will achieve greater things in the eyes of the world, but I think there will never come a time when these walls look down upon more earnest effort and nobler ambition than they now see in these first students. (He pauses and then presents Governor Lowry.) The college is honored by the presence of Governor Lowry (Governor Lowry greeted by applause, advances to center.)

Governor Lowry—On behalf of the State and her officials, I wish to commend the achievements of the college during this first year; the splendid work of the committee which made these handsome buildings possible; the earlier efforts of Mrs. Peyton and others which waked Mississippi to its needs; and the generosity and hearty support afforded the college by the town of Columbus.

Dr. Jones—(Presenting Mrs. Peyton)—Mrs. A. C. Peyton, who, over the signature of "A Mississippi Woman," advanced the cause of education for women.

Mrs. Peyton—I have never made a public speech in all my life, but I should indeed be ungrateful not to express my thanks for the kind mention of me. More than ever I am proud to be a Mississippi woman. I love my native state. I am proud of all her resources, her schools and her colleges. Most of all am I proud of this college. I have no fears for its future, for I believe the interests of Mississippi's daughters are safe in the hands of Mississippi's sons.

Dr. Jones—Of course we have no graduates as yet, but there are many whose signal talents warrant public recognition. Mr. J. R. Preston, the State Superintendent of Education, will award the medals and prizes.

Mr. J. R. Preston—(Speaking slowly, giving each girl time to come

forward for her prize.) Miss Emma Thigpen, Issaquena county, Medal in Deportment; given by the Attorney General. Miss Melle Fort of Oktibbeha county, set of Designer's Implements for Best Wall-paper and Frieze. Miss Ella Brittain of Kemper county, medal for designing altar cloth; given by Miss Jennie Vaughan. Miss Minnie Heard of Yazoo county, order for a Sewing Machine, as prize for "nice sewing." Miss Molly Gore of Webster county, medal for highest average in scholarship; given by Dr. R. W. Jones. Miss Fannie Camp of Lowndes county, medal for scholarship; given by Miss Pauline V. Orr.

(All go off, first Dr. Jones and other dignitaries, then the faculty, then the girls. Mrs. Peyton remains and the four girls who brought the ship take it down and carry it off.)

Mrs. Peyton—When a great State college for women was but a wish with me, so fervently did I long, it seemed already a reality, but now it is a living thing, I cannot persuade myself I do not dream. What mother of daughters could easily believe in the accomplishment of this wonder, begun by these men of today and yet to be finished by great-hearted men of the future. (The men of the future pass before her.) Miracles are not stranger than this truth: that forever more will go out from these walls to uplift the world, an increasing stream of young women. There will be women of business. (The business woman passes before her); those who reign in the hearts of friends (the May queen passes); those who care for the sick, (The Nurse passes); artists, (The Artist passes); musicians, (The Musician passes); teachers, (The Teacher passes), and those who need the wisdom of all, mothers, (The Mother passes.) (Mrs. Peyton goes off.)

POSTLUDE.

Good Government—Hark!

(There comes the sound of Columbus singing as before, but this time very faint and far away. One short strain is heard and then the echo dies.)

Education—My gift has made her sing!

Prosperity—(Waving her cornucopia, and spilling therefrom a shower of confetti)—Columbus, city of flowers, your god-mother, Prosperity, also endows you. Your fields shall yield rich abundance and straightway shall your commerce take on new vigor. Your population shall double. More treasures will I lavish on you until all the world shall enviously exclaim, "The Golden Age has returned to Columbus."

(A burst of song, clear and startlingly near at hand, answers

her, and the Young Columbus, bearing baskets of flowers suspended from a yoke across her shoulders, enters. Her godmothers lift their arms toward her with love ineffable and she, to whom they are invisible, advances singing.)

SONG OF THE YOUNG COLUMBUS.
(Grieg's Sunshine Song.)

Since vanished the shadows that render me dumb,
I now in an aura of youthfulness come,
Through woodlands aquiver with blossoming spring,
My song of glad tomorrows, of coming joys to sing.

A redolent promise each wind to me blows,
From jessamine, jonquil and radiant rose,
That, worthy my past, I shall be ever more
Columbus, famous city of bloom and priceless lore.

The Young Columbus—(Pausing and gazing afar off)—I am the Young Columbus, spirit of the past made new. A grateful reverence fills my being when I consider my rich heritage, and then I vow to my fair flowers that I will be worthy of my past. The vivid deeds of history live again for me each spring in weeping wistaria and glad rose, and I gather the springing blossoms as I would gather those events of other years in one bright mass of beauty.

(All the actors in historical scenes come in, winding about in devious ways, and finally pause filling the valley. A bugle sounds and a herald rides from the rear.)

Herald—Make way for Mississippi, sovereign state!

(A broad aisle is opened to admit Mississippi, in classic garb, riding in a gilded chariot drawn by white horses.)

Participants in Pageant—All hail, Mississippi!

(Columbus drops to her knees as Mississippi stops.)

Mississippi—Rise, Columbus. They who visit you in spring can ask no sweeter homage than the fragrance of your flowers. What is this *spot*?

The Young Columbus—My favorite haunt, your Valley of Youth. Nowhere else could the past be made to live again.

Mississippi—Ah, Columbus, you have many rich possessions—tree-arched avenues, radiant lawns, and splendid memories. And not the least of your blessings is this fair valley which you hold in fealty to us, your sovereign state. Cherish it

well; keep it peaceful and undisturbed that nothing may cloud the young vision.

The Young Columbus—I will, most gracious Mississippi.

Mississippi—And now turn the page, bright with Indians, armored knights, and belles in old brocade, that you may write a new, better than all the rest. It is not well that the pageant of the past linger too long in the Valley of Youth.

The Young Columbus—(Handing her yoke and flower baskets to Passie Butler)—Farewell, my memories.

(The pageant forms a long column facing outward, and pauses. Mississippi turns toward the hillock and I. I. and C. rises to hear her words.)

Mississippi—Daughter of my heart, I. I. and C., you are the molder of the future. We go as we came, leaving you in the quiet of your leafy cloisters to shape the vision of tomorrow. Come, Columbus.

(Columbus ascends the chariot. The Godmothers, Prosperity and Good Government, take the bridles of the horses, but Education leads all with lifted torch. The herald rides before her, close behind the pageant. At his bugle call, the whole procession moves off. The Spirit of History enters and gives interpretive dance, "The Parable of Life.")

I. I. and C.—The story is ended. I wonder if you saw in it more than gaudy panorama. I wonder if you caught the vision.

Crystal Clear—(Springing up and stretching out her arms to the throng of girls)—We do understand, don't we?

Girls—(Rising and crowding about hillock)—We do! We do!

I. I. and C.—And you will follow my star?

(Girls sing a part of "Fountain of Wisdom" song.)

I. I. and C.—If I am your "fountain of wisdom" then you shall be my conduits. Go forth and give to others all of good which you have received. Most of you will guide the feet of little children as I have guided yours. (Enter children in white whom the girls take by the hand.)

Girl—Must we leave you, Alma Mater?

I. I. and C.—You cannot dwell forever in the Valley of Youth. Go, my children, your Alma Mater bids you go.

Girl—But suppose we go astray?

I. I. and C.—Crystal Clear and her sisters shall guide you, and always my eyes will be upon you watching, lest you wander. Lead them, Crystal Clear,—towards the sunlight.

(Crystal Clear goes into the valley with her sisters. The hills at rear of valley part, and the throng of girls go off straight toward the west in a long column, singing.)

ALMA MATER SONG.

In our heart of hearts, rests a sacred retreat,
Where is shrined with youth-time its memories sweet
Of the friends at college, faithful and true.
O, dear college comrades! O, dear college comrades!
O, dear college comrades, we're loyal to you!

There ne'er was a time in our lives so free
As the joyous days at the I. I. and C.,
Days all chastely golden, gally sweet;
Beloved days at college! Beloved days at college!
Beloved days at college, with joys all too fleet.

Through chill mists of advancing years shines the light
Of our Alma Mater's radiant brow, pure and bright,
Showing us the blessings of life service fair;
O, great Alma Mater! O, great Alma Mater!
O, great Alma Mater, of mission so rare!

(As the last leave the valley I. I. and C. shades her eyes, looking after them. When they have disappeared and the song has died away, she lifts her water-jar to her shoulder, descends the path, and goes off.)





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